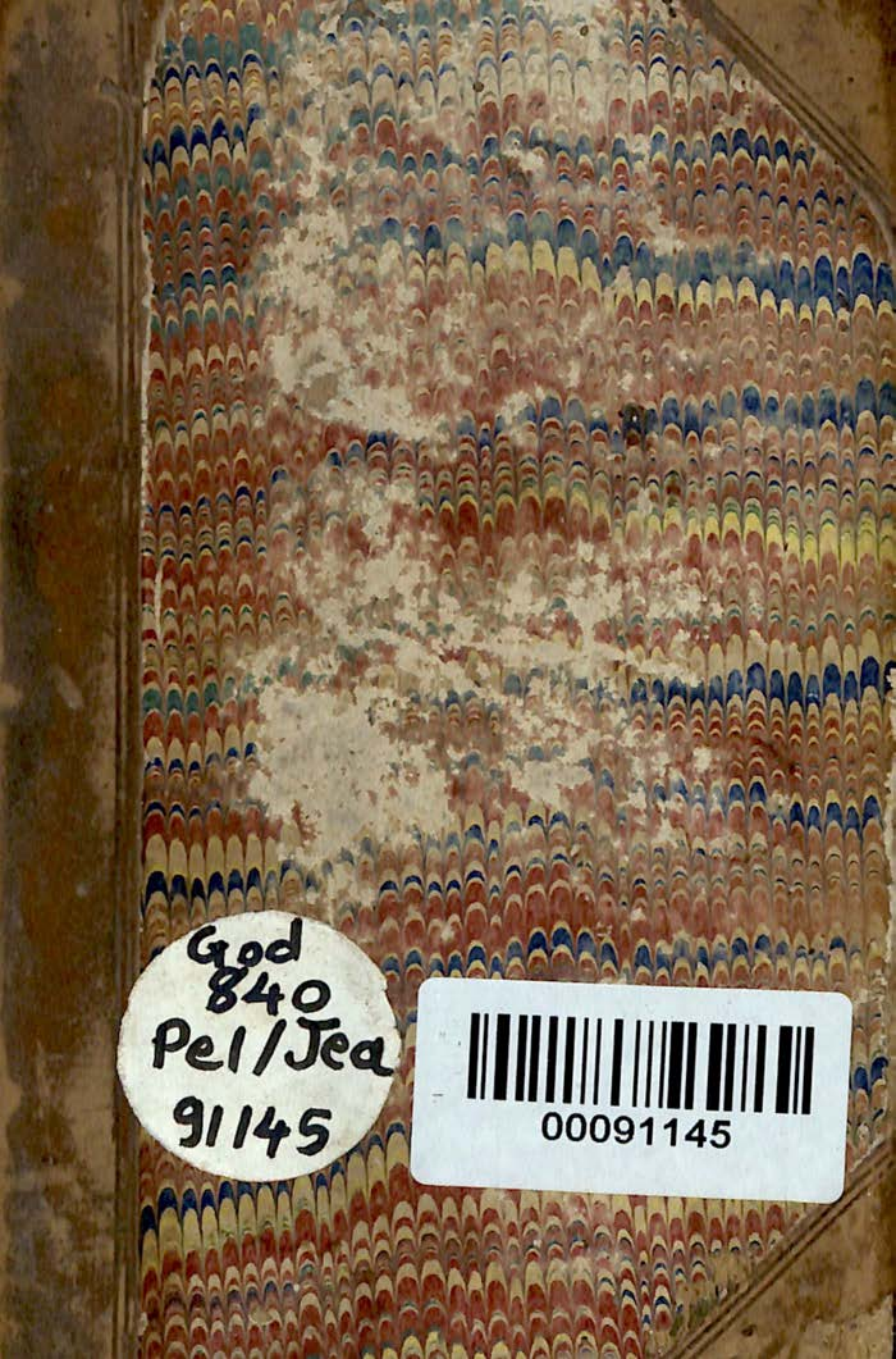
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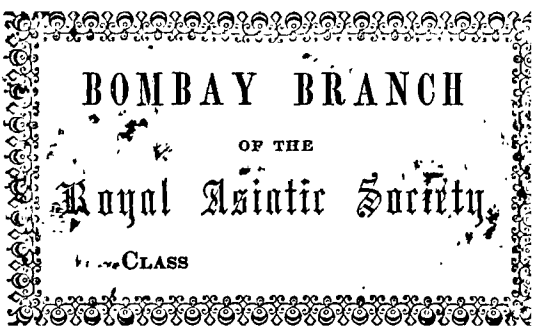

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JEAN JAROUSSEAU,

THE PASTOR OF THE DESERT.

BY

EUGENE PELLETAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
LIEUT.-COL. E. P. DE L'HOSTE.

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TO

ELIZABETH ANNE JAROUSSEAU,

The good and pious Mother,

whose special characteristics were

Love and Beneficence.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

MANY happy hours have been passed in the translation of this true and excellent tale, from the hand of Eugène Pelletan, a grandson of the hero so charmingly depicted in his pages; and, moreover, one who sustains and adds to the nobility of his descent.

In thankfulness to him, the Translator hopes that the pleasure thus experienced by *one*, may be diffused amongst *many* readers, and so honour be awarded where it is due to an author almost unknown in England, except by a work written in a very different style, and which conveys no

idea of the varied charms of tender grace, wit, humour, and high-toned morality inherent in the character of the writer.

Added to M. Pelletan's book, are a few pages entitled, *Pièces Justificatives*, containing extracts from historical writings by A. Crottet and Ch. Coquerel: the former entitled, *Histoire des Églises réformées de Pans, Gemozac, et Mortagne, en Saintonge;* and the latter, *Histoire des Églises du desert;* also an extract from Ch. Weiss's *Histoire des Refugiés Protestants*, besides others showing the truthfulness of the events recorded in the tale, and mentioning Jean Jarousseau, as one of six pastors elected for the service of the churches in the departments of Saintonge, Angoumais, and Bordelais.

JEAN JAROUSSEAU,

THE PASTOR OF THE DESERT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I NEVER pass a village cemetery without yielding to the temptation to question death, regarding the various generations who have there successively passed away to the repose of the grave.

What were the deeds of these beings of other days, when they were above ground? What were their thoughts; or had they any thoughts? But no voice ever answers such questions; the wind stirs through the blades of grass; death keeps silence.

Many of them, doubtless, ignored their own souls, and scarcely realised humanity; they were, perhaps, herdsmen or labourers, who turned the soil and tended

their herds; and were themselves animals of a higher order. But others, more favoured by destiny, attained perhaps a higher life, and exercised a spiritual influence over all around them. They may have thought all the good thoughts, and done all the good deeds, possible in their humble sphere. Now, they lie there, and not a trace remains of their earthly lives; not even a stone in testimony of their passage through this world. No epitaph is accorded to those whose lives have passed in obscurity; however full and complete such lives may have been, their names are never recorded.

Should a man have played the *smallest* part in public, wielded a murderous weapon, killed by wholesale, been the noisiest among the noisy, no matter where, or how—whether as a general, an orator, an actor, or an adventurer—history would immediately lend an ear, take note of the tumult; and lo! another name is perpetuated.

Should some unblazoned hero, on the contrary, as high-souled as it is possible to be here below, do good modestly and conscientiously, without leaving

his native village, or attracting a crowd; would history deign to mention him, or look back at him, walking alone, his own shadow his only follower? No! such a man lives and dies ignored. When his hour comes, he falls unnoticed, the earth hides him from our sight, and no echo of his life remains in the memory of any human being. He has passed away.

Humanity loses thus half its credit, and gives too great an advantage to scepticism. In order to remedy this, in some measure, and render to man his due, in every rank of life, we hope we may be allowed to set an example, by now lauding unostentatious worth and local virtue, which have hitherto been swept into oblivion, like straw from the roads; and by saying, to the humblest of God's servants, and to all unknown great men,—"O ye, who have nobly stood your trial in the circumstances in which God has placed you, rest in peace: your works are held in remembrance."

We truly honour genius. Yet, its very greatness is owing to its absorbency. Granting its inspiration,

it nevertheless has, and ever has had, numerous forgotten precursors and unknown assistants. These latter should be taken into consideration, but they are passed over in silence. A river, with its broad sheet of water, flows in solitary grandeur to the sea; it is known by a name, but its numerous affluents are unnamed. The partiality of this is evident. The small should not be sacrificed to the great, in order to add to its greatness. Justice awards a share to each.

In traversing mountains, we have often seen a pyramid of loose stones raised on the border of a precipice: the tomb of some traveller overtaken by a snow storm, who has lost his road in the blinding whirlwind; and, buried under an avalanche, has there terminated his journey. The snow continues silently falling; the body remains hidden under the frozen mound until the following spring, when the sun's rays, dispersing this first sepulture, the foot of a passing traveller accidentally touching the partially exposed corpse, he digs it a grave, and rolls a stone to the spot; he next traveller also places a stone; and thus, from

hand to hand, the ever-increasing pyramid definitively perpetuates the memory of the unknown dead.

So we, passengers along the high road of life, feel deeply the religious necessity of rolling a commemorative stone towards the tombs of the unknown travellers who have been buffeted by the storm, and hidden from the sight of their fellow-beings. May we be pardoned the superstitious belief, that in so doing their spirits are attracted towards ours, and an additional blessing gained for the sacred cause, loved by them and by us. "Sleep under my roof," said the wife of Megarus to the holy martyr; "you will bring it happiness."

We think it is now time to write, and place by the side of official history, which only treats of what is showy and noisy, a second private and somewhat domestic history, in which mention should be made of such persons as have proved themselves strong and deserving in their proper spheres, and according to their means; in order that every part of the country, every fireside, may claim its share of glory and

virtue, and that men may everywhere have a good example held up to them.

Often have we imagined such a history, written by the first Thucydides at hand. A daily record might be kept, in all parts, of each family and parish, the two elements of a nation. As our share in this work, we publish the humble Odyssey of a pastor of the desert, who upheld liberty of conscience. We can vouch for the truth of this tale, which was related to us so frequently in childhood by our mother, at the fireside, that it is unlikely we should have forgotten its smallest episode. Moreover, there yet lives an old man, who in his youth was acquainted with the hero of this biography and who could, if required, bear witness for us.

CHAPTER II.

At the time of the American War of Independence, and when Turgot was minister in France, a man was one day journeying from the market-town of Méchez-sur-Gironde to the village of Saint-Georges-de-Didonne. He travelled partly on foot, and partly on horseback; for, though for the time being he was on foot, his steed followed him, step by step, the bridle thrown over its neck; the man, no doubt, thinking that the change of exercise he was thus enabled to take was especially salutary.

His steed, a small dappled Limousine mare, was blind of one eye, and miserably lean. Like a veritable pantomime of her master, she repeated his movements—stopping when he stopped, and hurrying on when he hurried on, which, indeed, was but seldom; for he generally meditated as he walked, and his beast, consequently, almost invariably behind

him, seemed, with its pendulum-like regularity of step, to keep time to the measure of his meditation.

The man looked robust, though his hair was prematurely whitened by mental or bodily fatigue; perhaps by the two combined. He wore the large round hat of Saintonge, a grey camlet jacket, knee-breeches of the same, and buckled shoes. His peaceful countenance, expressive of simple kindheartedness, his thoughtful and spiritual glance, his square forehead, furrowed by a long perpendicular line between the eye-brows, all testified to a character of combined energy, frankness, resolution, and enthusiasm.

A handsome velvet-bound book was in his hand, and as he walked he read, with the abstracted or rather somnambulistic look peculiar to the priest when intent upon his breviary. At times he ceased reading, gesticulated, and uttered a broken sentence, as if composing an ode or a sermon; for none but poets or preachers dream aloud, and address themselves to the trees on the road-side. Moreover, the hour was inspiring; the sun was sinking below the horizon, the air was drowsy under a heavy cloud of

vapour, and the faint breathings of the slumbering ocean were occasionally heard in the distance.

On reaching a spot where the Méchez road loses itself in the sand-hills, and is obliterated by the westerly winds, he turned round a hillock, called "Le Terrier-Tetu," and perceived a young cavalier, on vedette apparently, who, rising in his stirrups, seemed to be endeavouring to comprehend the certainly somewhat confused intricacies of the billowy mass of shifting sand around him.

The young man was evidently a stranger in these parts. His dress proclaimed him both military and courtly. The breast of his uniform was silver-laced; he wore ruffles, and a sword adorned with a knot of ribbon. He had the open brow and *nez retroussé* of the period (for each period has its peculiar type of countenance), his lips showed the first slight indications of a moustache, his manhood was sprouting, and he seemed well-disposed to do it honour.

"You arrive opportunely," he exclaimed to the thoughtful countryman. "I have been wandering

about among these cursed sand-hills for the last hour, without finding the slightest trace of a road."

The advancing reader, on being thus suddenly accosted, slowly raised a grave countenance, overshadowed by his quaker-like hat, and fixed a keen look on the speaker.

"You are going to Saint Georges?" he asked.

"Alas! yes; if any Saint Georges is to be found amongst these mole-hills."

"You are going also, doubtless, to Pastor Jarousseau's?"

"You have guessed right. I am going there to show him my billet from the governor."

"You are, I conclude, an officer?"

"Of dragoons, my friend. It appears that one must undergo a formal examination here before obtaining any information."

"*Of dragoons!*" murmured the countryman, regardless of the young officer's whims, and a cloud of sadness overshadowed his countenance; but the next moment he resumed his habitual calmness, and added, in a careless tone,—

"Well! follow me."

He bent his head again over his book, and quietly resumed his reading.

The officer's hot blood rushed to his face, on hearing the words, "Follow me." He was tempted to lay the flat of his sword on the rustic's shoulder, and say, "It is for YOU to follow ME rather."

"But, pshaw!" he thought, "as I am going two thousand leagues from hence, to be trained into the precepts of equality, I may as well commence my education at once."

Accordingly, he for a few minutes resignedly followed his silent guide, until, no longer able to control his impatience, especially as daylight was declining, he said,—

"My friend, I will thank you just to point out the direction of my road, and I shall then have no difficulty in finding it."

"Were I to point it out to you," the old man replied, "you would not be the further advanced, for the pastor whom you seek is here. *Ecce homo.* Young man! you have begun a villainous trade early

in life. I speak frankly, because your face pleases me."

"Why! M. le Pasteur; WHAT, or WHO do you suppose me to be?"

"You have just said that you are an officer of dragoons."

"A colonel! if you please; officer did well for the *first* time. *Now*, it must be colonel, for I paid my regiment rather dearly for the title."

"Well! colonel or officer, it matters little; a man of your profession can only seek the Pastor Jarousseau for the purpose of arresting him."

"Arrest you!" said the young man, laughing heartily. "Do you take me for a bailiff's follower? So far from it, my dear sir, I come to ask you for board and lodging. I am to embark to-morrow morning *incognito* for Boston. I would have taken up my quarters at the chateau of the Maréchal de Senneterre, your governor and my relative; but, as his position obliges him to ignore my departure, he waives the rights of relationship, and deputes them to you. Moreover, here is my letter of recommendation."

The pastor took the Maréchal de Senneterre's letter.

"Your word suffices," he said. "I made a rash conclusion just now, and beg you will pardon it. It will give me pleasure to sit at table with you, as we both hold the same principles. If I understood rightly, you are going to use your sword in the cause of independence."

"Yes; my *sword* certainly. What is to be done? The nobles have served royalty long enough; and may well now, for the sake of variety, serve republicanism; for I, you must know, am a gentleman, *Monsieur le Márquis de Mauroy*, at your service. And, to tell the truth, Europe, just now, is insupportable. There is no longer any occupation for a man. All talk of war has been strictly forbidden by the great Frederic for a long time to come. The world is condemned to a forced repose. This is why I go, if you wish to know it."

"You do right in going," replied the pastor. "Liberty awaits you. Happy is he who serves the cause of liberty! Whatever happens, he will have lived well."

"I must stop you there, apostolic sir. You do me a great deal too much honour. I go over the water solely for the purpose of hearing a better sustained music than that of the opera. I have not much taste for liberty; it is not my family attribute. Had I been differently born, I do not deny that I might have done credit to my birth. The nobles used formerly to say, that we should certainly commit the folly of taking La Rochelle. Well! the nobles *did* take La Rochelle, and since then the head of a gentleman has weighed no more, in the hands of the authorities, than the head of a farmer. There we are, a troop of madcaps; the flower of the kingdom, honestly working *in partibus infidelium* for the inauguration of democracy. Lafayette was the first to go, then Broglie, then Lauzun; I am following Lauzun, and emigration continues. The young people at court, the women especially, have their heads full of a fantasy they call 'The New Spirit.' Listen! *I* myself was to have been married to an heiress of good family. *Mademoiselle*, however, had read 'La Nouvelle Heloise,' and at first mention of

marriage, she replied, like a true Roman lady who had put a beauty spot on her face that morning: 'As soon as Monsieur le Marquis shall have attained to the rank of general in the Army of Independence.' And in testimony of her promise, she fastened this knot of ribbon on my sword-hilt. If matters go on any longer thus, we shall soon be living in a kingdom of romance."

"If by *romance* you mean *feeling*, I confess I should not be sorry to see the change of which you speak; and, therefore, I thank you for having shown me the knot attached to your sword. That is the *first* ribbon for which I have felt any respect."

"You like sentiment in politics, Monsieur le Pasteur. Then you may thank your stars; for human nature, in all parts of the world, turns now towards sentiment; nothing is talked of but pastorals, shepherds' pipes, cheap bread, and philanthropy. We never hear of marquis or marchioness; only of shepherd and shepherdess. This is said to be a nearer approach to nature. The queen, even, wishes to be a shepherdess, after a fashion of her own, or rather a

milkmaid; and, whenever she can steal a morning from the requirements of monarchy, runs in the guise of a "Perrette" with short petticoats, and tucked-up apron, to make butter and cheese with her own royal hands. But, in the midst of this shepherdising, the stealthy step of the revolution advances, wolf-like. No one hears, or wishes to hear, it approaching. Yet it comes, unconscious of its own nature, full of hidden purposes. It will make a clean sweep of the past; and the next wind that blows, will blow so strongly that, to stand against it, three times the ordinary amount of strength will be requisite."

CHAPTER III.

THE mention of a revolution, for the first time in these wilds, by a member of the aristocracy, astonished the pastor, and gave him a sudden glimpse of what to him was an unknown world. It was to him as a scent from afar of the promised land; and yet the scepticism of this young soldier, who was willing to shed his blood, merely for the sake of a fashion, and for a cause he did not like, appeared to him a species of blasphemy; and, as he could not disguise his thoughts, he said,—

"Young man, it is a bad sign of the times when youth has no feeling of faith. May God preserve France from ever experiencing so great a loss!"

The Marquis de Mauroy was silent; his thoughts had flown elsewhere, and his eyes were for a moment fixed on his sword-hilt. The fresh breeze from the sea dispelled his reverie. He had arrived at the

beach of Saint Georges, and soon afterwards, in the fading twilight, could distinguish the poetic-looking village, scattered, as it were, in a moment of inspiration, over the downs, amongst clumps of elms and clustering tamarisks. Columns of smoke arose high here and there from amongst the verdure into the still air, and a smell of rustic feasting floated around.

"I gladly accept the augury of that smoke," said the gentleman traveller; "for, to tell you the truth, I have ridden at a stretch from Blaye to this; and, after such a day, one naturally feels a profound respect for supper."

Saint-Georges-de-Didonne is a little seaport at the mouth of the Gironde; in the depth of a bay shut in on the north by the cliffs of Valière, and on the south by those of Suzac, which jut out into the sea like the horns of a crescent. The houses, mostly alike, are humble, low, roofed with tiles, and white-washed. They are scattered here and there amongst the windings of the sand-hills, without the least attempt at regularity, or the least sign of a road, and look like the stray tents of an encampment.

A scared population did, indeed, once come here to seek refuge from persecution. For, at the beginning of the last century, the uplands of Valière were wooded, as is evidenced by the few stumps of evergreen oak that have been inadvertently left on the borders of the vineyards; so that Saint-Georges, surrounded by the woods of Valière and Coquart, and the forests of Chenaumoine and Suzac, almost escaped notice. Therefore, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Protestantism, or (to speak the language of the times) "the scattered flock of Israel," when driven from the open country by an armed force, halted here, hoping that, hidden by the dark verdure, they might worship their God in peace.

It was a quiet, melancholy spot, especially suited for prayer and lamentation. The sandy downs were covered, from spring to autumn, with flowers which, warmed by the fervent rays of the mid-day sun, incessantly exhaled their religious incense of wormwood and *immortelle*, while the distant wail of the rolling waves suggested the dying strains of the ancient song of captivity by the waters of Babylon.

The sun had set some time when the pastor knocked thrice at the door of a small isolated house, ensconced behind a sand-hill on the border of a warren. At this summons from the outside, a sound was heard on the paved floor of the inner court; some wearer of wooden shoes walking with the regular step indicative of precision. A key was cautiously turned in the lock once and again, the door slowly and noiselessly rolled back on its hinges, disclosing to the marquis's view a little hump-backed, lame, old woman, standing on the threshold holding a lantern, who, at sight of a laced coat, dropped her light and shrieked in alarm.

"Madeleine," said the pastor, "monsieur is a new friend, come from Paris, to honour our home and our board. Lead his horse to the stable, and give him a good feed; and then put a log on the fire, and prepare supper. Come in, Monsieur le Marquis; and while we are waiting to drink together to your first victory, let me introduce you to my family."

The pastor unbridled his steed, and left it at liberty to bivouac in the court-yard, with the saddle on its

back, prepared to act as an express on any sudden emergency. He then led the marquis into a room on the ground floor, his *best* room, where a humble housewife, her face half hidden by the long lappets of the traditional head-dress of the country, was quietly spinning at her distaff, surrounded by quite a *Pleiade* of little girls, and one boy as a variety; who, all disciplined early to labour, sat quiet and erect, with their knitting in their hands, and ball of wool on their knees.

"Wife," said the pastor, on entering, "bless the Lord: a guest has come to us. Rise and welcome him."

The pastor's wife slowly rose from her seat; bent before the stranger with the gravity and—why not say it—the awkwardness, very pardonable in a woman whose sole strength lies in the Bible, and who has been taught only to work and to pray. This act of politeness performed, she retired, to give the benefit of her experience in the kitchen.

"Now!" said the pastor; "here are my bastards."

"What! your bastards! I thought, that your religion, on the contrary——"

"Yes, my bastards; and moreover, bastards by Order of Council; for the king expressly forbids Protestant husbands to have legitimate children. Come, little ones! come and greet *Monsieur le Marquis.* Jarousseau, as you are the eldest, set the example."

It is customary, in the west of France, to call the eldest son by his father's surname instead of his Christian name. Jarousseau was a boy of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, of fair complexion, blue eyes, a sturdy form, and spirited mien; as if he already felt himself to be one of the energetic revolutionary race destined ere long to wrestle with the nobility.

He advanced towards the marquis, looked up at him steadily, bent his head, and glided swiftly away through the door of the corridor.

"Now, Elizabeth, it is your turn."

A little girl, who, in her brown holland dress, looked rosy as a peach blossom, quietly placed her knitting in her apron pocket, crossed the room with downcast

eyes, as seriously as if she were taking her first Communion, curtsied as she passed, and disappeared.

"Come, Adelaide! come, Henriette, and Sophie; your sister has shown you what to do. Come, and speak to monsieur; a welcome from children brings happiness."

Adelaide, Sophie, and Henriette placed their needles in their balls of wool, defiled ceremoniously past the colonel of dragoons, bent each a knee in turn, and disappeared behind a groove, like the shadows of a magic lantern. The rustle of their dresses was heard for an instant along the corridor; and then all was still.

A little girl of three years of age, of an extraordinarily pallid complexion, as if from her cradle she had borne the grief of a whole race, now alone remained sitting, with her large eyes fixed trance-like on the stranger's uniform. She trembled in every limb, then started up in affright, and hurried away.

"That is Benigne, the last blessing vouchsafed to me," said the pastor, his voice trembling with emotion. "The poor child came into the world under

fearful circumstances. On the day of her birth, the dragoons arrived from the coast, by order of the *intendant* of La Rochelle, to arrest me in my house. I had barely time to conceal myself. They found my wife in the agonies of labour; and, with pistols in hand, tried to force her to reveal my hiding-place; threatening, on refusal, to set fire to the house; and, as they said, 'to smoke the badger out of his hole.' The unhappy woman, shuddering, and fainting with pain, gave birth to a daughter, pale as death; who has never yet assumed the colours of life, or uttered a word."

The conversation here ended. The troop of children slept; and, in the silence, an ant trotting across the floor would have been audible.

CHAPTER IV.

THE pastor's household was regulated with Calvinistic austerity, aggravated by persecution. Protestant families, having long lived in constant preparation for martyrdom, manifested a character of seriousness, and detachment from the pleasures of the world, which, like a shade of sadness and resignation, spread even over the cradles of infancy, and the walls of the houses.

Their abodes were simple in the extreme. All that was by others considered pleasing to the eye, was here rigorously banished. Not a luxury, not even the innocent one of a pot of flowers, on Sunday, on the window-sill, or the chimney-piece. Such magnificence, in this time of mourning, would have appeared to them unbecoming—an insult to the chronic desolation of the Church.

The marquis consequently looked around with

somewhat of surprise, at the patriarchal room into which he had entered. It contained perhaps a dozen straw-bottomed chairs, a couple of arm-chairs, a buffet in one corner, and in another a walnut-wood frame supporting a clock in a glass case.

The pastor divined the gentleman's thoughts, and replied to them, as he pointed to the bare, rough-washed walls, saying,—

"This is a tent, and we dwell in it like travellers; here to-day; gone, perhaps, to-morrow."

He sighed as he spoke, and fearful, perhaps, of betraying his thoughts, allowed them to wander; and was soon unconsciously lost in deep meditation, an absence of mind peculiar to men who have ideas.

While he meditated, Madeleine spread out, on a deal table, a truly Pythagorean supper; consisting of a dish of maize, a rasher of ham cooked in the oven, a pot of preserves, and a portion of honeycomb. Nevertheless, a venerable bottle of Médoc, that had been sealed by some hand of a past generation, and was now rescued from oblivion in honour of the occasion, testified to the willingness of the mistress of

the house to exercise the rites of hospitality, to the extent allowed by her limited cellar.

"After all, God is good!" exclaimed the pastor, aroused from his reverie. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Now, let us cast aside all sad thoughts, and break the bread of the body, in peace of soul."

"BREAD!" exclaimed Madeleine, as if suddenly aroused by the word. "Then we must send to Royan for it, for there will not be a morsel of white bread in the village, at this late hour."

"White or brown, it matters little which," said the gentleman; "the first served will be the best; my appetite will do it honour, as I have eaten nothing all day."

"God never abandons His children in the desert,' said the pastor, smiling; "and I am not reduced so low as to be obliged to treat a guest with coarse bread."

He opened the window as he spoke, and whistled. A low neigh responded to this signal; and the next moment the marquis saw the profile of a fantastic head advanced through the window into the room.

It was the head of the little Limousine mare, who roamed at liberty through the courtyard, night and day. Madeleine slipped a tally into the holster of the saddle, and the mare pirouetting disappeared through the darkness like a vision. She trotted off at her maximum speed, and the sounds gradually died away in the distance.

"Do you know, Monsieur le Pasteur," exclaimed the marquis, "I might just now not unreasonably believe myself in Fairyland! Your mare must surely be ridden by some goblin."

"Hush! young man, you are not the first who has accused me of sorcery. And we are still living in times when it would be dangerous for a poor man, of suspicious character like myself, to add the crime of witchcraft to that of heresy. But let us drop this subject. Have you remarked the white star on Misère's forehead? It was my wife's wish that my mare should be thus named. Well! be assured that that star is God's mysterious handwriting, in announcement of the high intellect that would be found within that head."

"The intellect of a *horse!*" interrupted the marquis; thinking to check the pastor's Brahminical enthusiasm, and keep it within due bounds.

"Why not? Intellect is ever *essentially* the same, though in some cases it sleeps, and in others it wakes; this is the only difference. I have awakened Misère's intellect, and now that the twilight of her brain is illuminated, she *thinks* in a way of her own; though not to the same extent as do we, her elders. She supplies me with what is wanted from the little neighbouring town; she knocks at the baker's door, the baker fills her wallet, and sends her back; she goes backwards and forwards continually, never forgetting her work, or going out of her road. Let me then openly confess that I love her, and can never sufficiently repay her. She is to me another sympathising soul in this world, and in my life of trials; she is also frequently a valuable sentinel. But we will not speak of that; it is a secret that concerns others as well as myself. Moreover, when I think of the depth of affection God has hidden in that animal form, for a poor outlaw like myself, I cannot but bless the creature who has come

forward from the lower ranks of creation, to share in my life."

The pastor here began a long philosophical dissertation on the education of animals. He believed in the possibility of a language in common, between all animated creatures. His guest not being at the time much inclined for metaphysics, gave him but partial attention. The pastor was still continuing his demonstrations on the subject of one and the same intellect distributed in different proportions to each creature, when Misère's steaming nostrils were placed against the glass of the casement.

"Here is the bread; seat yourself at the table, *Monsieur le Marquis;* but first, allow me to say a prayer."

"By all means, *Monsieur le Pasteur.* I am going to a gospel land, and it is right that I should accustom myself beforehand to its habits."

The pastor crossed his hands, and raising his eyes to the ceiling, said,—

"Lord God! Thou hast given bread unto men, as the thrice holy symbol of alliance. By bread Thou

hast redeemed them from barbarism, and led them to a better life. It is by the universal bread of Thy body that Thou hast ever united all generations of men, past, present, and to come; grant, therefore, unto all, their morning and evening bread, so that, assured of food for themselves and their children, they may learn to feel and praise Thy goodness."

The pastor and the marquis supped *tête-à-tête* in silence. The appetite of the latter was too urgent to admit of his losing time in conversation. With the dessert, however, his tongue was again loosened.

"By my life! I never had so good a meal! and I think I can now face the hardships of a bivouac."

So saying, he came to the end of the pot of preserves.

The clock had just struck eleven, with the solemn and slow intonation as of a voice from past ages, hinting of eternity.

"It is time to sleep," said the pastor; and, taking a light, led the marquis to his room.

It was a humble cell on the upper floor, that is to

say, the garret; its only furniture, a four-post bed, adorned with green serge hangings, and supplied, in the fashion of the last century, with a pile of mattresses, placed one above the other, to such a height as to render the operation of mounting into bed somewhat laborious. The marquis, however, eventually accomplished it, and his soul was soon floating in the voluptuous sensation of vanishing thought, which comes between sleeping and waking.

But he had scarcely closed his eyes, when a strange noise was heard behind him, rising higher and higher from the base of the wall to the level of his pillow, and higher yet. It resembled the stifled sound of a hammer, or of footsteps within the ashlar. The noise ceased. Again the marquis heard a sound, as of a heavy fall on the floor, followed by a light whispering; after which, the word "*Amen*," pronounced somewhat louder, was heard distinctly. Then all was still. The night was calm; the distant sea alone was heard, with its plaintive murmurings, which seem to roll Nature's mysterious grief from the one world to the other.

Startled thus out of his first sleep, the marquis thought that matters decidedly began to look suspicious, if not alarming; and turning over in his mind all the strange details of the preceding evening, and the pastor's still stranger conversation, he came to the conclusion, that the good man Jarousseau might fairly be looked upon as a disciple of the black art—one given to the secret practice of witchcraft.

The Marquis of Mauroy, like the rest of the nobility of his time, was incredulous with regard to gospel revelation; but, to restore the necessary balance of belief, he was at times superstitious. The spirit of Mesmer was already spreading over Europe, and reviving a love of the marvellous, under the name of magnetism. The marquis, too, was slightly attacked by the epidemic. Therefore, for a time he experienced the vague terror, half credulous, half incredulous, which results from the conflict between reason and imagination. All differences, however, were soon settled by sleep, which is by nature sceptical with regard to over-prolonged apparitions; and the young

man slumbered profoundly till morning. The light of day dispersed the visions of the night.

With the earliest rays of the sun, he leaped from the bed, and commenced his toilet. When about to adjust his cravat, a slight difficulty occurred: there was no looking-glass to aid him in the operation.

The pastor's house, alas! contained but one mirror, or rather piece of a mirror. This wreck, floating in the remains of a mutilated frame, had originally been a Venice mirror; but, in the times of the incursions of the dragoons, a drunken soldier had fired his pistol at it, on the pretext of fighting a duel with himself; since when there had remained only a splinter, just large enough to reflect half the pastor's face in shaving. A feeling of false shame had prevented his wife from presenting this fragment of glass to the marquis. He therefore put on his cravat at a venture, and descended.

"How have you passed the night?" the pastor asked him.

"Excellently," he replied, smiling, "in spite of your

having a ghost in the house. I heard its step behind the wall, followed by an 'Amen.' The devil, apparently, has now taken to praying."

"*I* am the devil," the pastor quietly replied; "and to finish my confession, I will now avow, between ourselves, that I mount every night thus to my hiding-place, by stairs constructed in the thickness of the wall."

"Your hiding-place!" exclaimed the marquis, in astonishment. "Why hide yourself? The Maréchal de Senneterre assigned me to you, as being the most estimable man in the country."

"If, indeed, there were none but the Maréchal de Senneterre to come across my path or disturb my sleep, I might certainly go my ways about here in freedom, and sleep in peace at night; but unfortunately there is *another* man in these parts, ever ready to side with those in authority for the rigorous execution of the edicts against Protestants. Now, as he has law on his side, the maréchal thinks it necessary to pay me a domiciliary visit from time to time—for mere form's sake, I pre-

sume; for, had he really wished to take me in the act, he might have done so easily before now. However, if they discovered me, they would be obliged to arrest me; and, if they arrested me, they would hang me for the sake of example. The laws are strict on this head. It is thus I escape persecution; and yet, I sometimes feel ashamed of my prudence. I say unto myself that, when so many martyrs have shed their blood for the Gospel, I ought to take example from their courage, and boldly await my fate, rather than thus nightly shelter myself. But, on the other hand, when I look around on all those who belong to me, my congregation, and my own little family; when I reflect how many dear or frail lives are dependent on my guardianship, and for which I am responsible, I say unto myself that, perhaps, this courting of death would be distrusting God; and that, at all events, should I have made a mistake, God will have read my heart, and, in the depth of His infinite goodness, will pardon my weakness."

The pastor's words were, to the young courtier,

brought up in the luxurious atmosphere of Versailles, as a revelation of a world of unheard-of sufferings. It seemed to him a horrible state paradox, this continuance of practical fanaticism, after the loss of religious conviction; killing people for not believing what we ourselves do not believe, is committing two crimes in one—hypocrisy and cruelty. And yet, since the world has existed, this has been the history of the human race; and the axe that has ever, since the commencement of civilisation, been raised against new truths, is not yet broken.

"*Monsieur le Pasteur*," said the marquis, with feeling, "persecution in these times evidently arises from some inadvertence on the part of Government. When his most Christian majesty pushes tolerance so far as to wish that an atheist should be appointed Archbishop of Paris, it is impossible that during his reign a man should be hunted down like a malefactor, because he prays to God in the French language instead of the Latin, and receives the sacrament in two forms instead of in one. As for myself, humble as is my place in the State, I am resolved to ascertain the

truth on this point. Malesherbes is my cousin, sixteen times removed—cousinship amongst the nobility stretches to an endless extent. I will write to him; and I feel convinced, that when he is informed of these things, he will glory in tearing away this last accidentally overlooked page of the code of intolerance, written an age ago in the corner of a confessional, by a Jesuitical man, and an intriguing woman of the name of *Maintenon.*"

"I willingly believe you; and have often said to myself: Oh, that the king knew of it! and, with this conviction, I have sincerely prayed for him. But, how *should* he know? Who would tell him? Who is there amongst us who would venture to speak to him? After all, *Monsieur,* I wait patiently. I have reached the rugged summit of the mountain, and I perceive a gleam of light on the horizon. The next step of the advancing century will, perhaps, show the brilliant light of liberty."

As the pastor uttered the last word, the sound of a gun, fired in the road-stead of Saint-Georges, rebounded in echo after echo along the line of cliffs, as

if each point on the coast had answered it with a volley of artillery.

"There is the signal of departure," said the marquis. "That gun is the summons from the American vessel which is to take me on board, and convey me to where I shall again hear the sounds of war. But, pshaw! I embark for the opposite shore, with more heart for the work. I begin to understand the meaning of liberty. I hope to see you again, *Monsieur le Pasteur*, when I have completed the knowledge of which I have to-day gained my first insight. Meantime I leave my horse with you as a hostage, that you may educate *him*, in default of his master. I shall be glad, on my return, to re-enter Versailles as a republican marquis, mounted on a learned horse."

The young volunteer for liberty pressed the pastor's hand, and departed rapidly towards the shore, whistling an opera air as he went.

"Really," thought he, in going, "sensibility is more contagious than I had supposed. That good man's talk would, before long, have gained me over to his views."

The pastor had accompanied his guest to the summit of the sand-hill, from whence he waved his last adieux. The vessel's sails were soon set, and with the strong breeze from the land, she was borne towards the open sea, and disappeared behind the Médoc Point.

On the evening of the same day, a letter from the Marquis de Mauroy was brought to the pastor by the pilot of Saint-Georges, who had taken the American vessel out to sea—a letter of recommendation to Malesherbes. But, thought the pastor, of what use could this letter be to a poor unknown recluse; at such a distance, too, from Paris, as he was? Should he send it? But would any minister, even a philosophical minister, ever deign to reply to a miserable village preacher? The pastor inwardly thanked the marquis for his attention, and put the letter aside.

CHAPTER V.

JAROUSSEAU'S Christian name was Jean, and he was called Pastor of the Desert, not because the country at Saint-Georges was a desert, but because in those days Protestant congregations had no churches, and were obliged to hold their prayer-meetings in the recesses of woods, or wherever they could find concealment.

The office of preacher is, in the present day, thank God, well established; not only permitted, but recommended; but in the last century it led either to exile, or to the gallows; more often to the latter than to the former.

Pastor Jarousseau had prepared himself for either alternative, for on the very day on which he held his first open-air preaching, he made his will, more as an act of faith than for any other purpose, seeing that he had nothing to bequeath but his example, and his cast-off garments.

Since then he had regularly every night, before laying his head on his pillow, examined and regulated his mind. After this internal preparation for whatever might happen, he awaited, as he said, with a heart at ease, the Lord's visit.

He was what may be called a lettered man, inasmuch as he had gone through a course of theology at Lausanne—at racing speed, it must be owned—picking up here a dogma, there a little sacred history, and finishing with a little music, as much as sufficed for keeping time in psalm-singing. The provision was certainly slight, but what was to be done? Time pressed, and, to keep pace with it, rapidity was requisite.

The "Tribe of Levi," as the expression then was, was more rapidly decimated than recruited, under the paternal hand of monarchy. The faculty of Lausanne had to educate for martyrdom rather than for controversy. The study of Latin and Hebrew was certainly superfluous for those who were learning *to die.* Heart sufficed. Pastor Jarousseau, in *this* respect, was the best theologian of the faculty.

Before he went to Switzerland, he possessed a humble patrimony, consisting of a vineyard and a small house; but a Monsieur de Chamilly, the *Intendant* of "La Rochelle," pretending that a journey to the frontiers was a state crime, set fire to the vineyard, and pulled down the house. Jarousseau, on hearing of this, said: "Job would, nevertheless, have envied my lot." The Bible with him solved every difficulty, and its pages always furnished consolation.

Jarousseau took with him in his exile what alone remained of his paternal inheritance—a silver watch; valuable relic of the infancy of watchmaking. This watch was to him representative of his family. It had marked the hours for his father, and for his father's father; and, whenever he looked at it, his heart said unto him, "Be worthy of thine ancestors."

The poor student had lived at Lausanne as he could, and as assuredly no one else could have done—by chance—from hand to mouth; depending on the common funds of Providence, which funds have singularly diminished for a long time past. He used to go in the morning, before the dew was off the

ground, to the borders of the lake to collect a dishful of snails, and cook them over the embers for his breakfast. His dinner was generally included in the breakfast.

After having concluded his course of theology, he returned to Saintonge on foot by unfrequented roads across the mountains; supping generally on a crust of bread, obtained from some munificent goat-herd, and sleeping in his cloak in the open air. When bread failed him, he sang a psalm to supply the deficiency; and, as he kept a strict account of his life, wrote in his journal, "I supped to-day on a verse."

While thus crossing the Cevennes mountains, he met Paul Rabaut, and received, by imposition of his hands, the title of *Proposant.* The rank of a proposant is that of a subordinate, who has to undergo a term of trial before entering the holy ministry. In this quality he followed the *Pasteur Gibert* in his dangerous journeyings between the Seudre and the Gironde. His first essay was made at the tragic preaching of "La Combe," in the forest of Valleret,

when several women were mercilessly slain. Gibert there fell, mortally wounded by a ball in the chest.

Jean Jarousseau acquired on the spot his title of *Pasteur*, while the heroic martyr's blood was yet warm; and from that time he went about, night and day, mounted on a borrowed nag; his Bible in one pocket, and psalm-book in another; evangelising and baptising all around; and, as before, bestowing not a thought on that merciless creditor—the morrow.

He followed the scripture precepts *literally*. When he hungered, he knocked at the door of a believer's house, prayed for God's blessing on it, and asked for hospitality. If the door should close against him, he would shake off the dust of his feet, and depart to knock elsewhere. He was once reproached for his indifference regarding a livelihood, and was offered a small prebend. He replied, "I will not deprive myself of any opportunity of testifying to the omnipotence of God. Manna falls only in the desert."

Manna certainly fell in the pastor's desert, in the form of a woman named Anne Lavocat. She brought

her husband, as her marriage portion, a farm at Chenaumoine, a milch-cow, and the house and warren at Saint-Georges-de-Didonne. This property, by rigidly economising, sufficed them for daily bread. When the pastor became possessor, by unpublished contract, for he was not entitled to form a marriage contract, of a patch of ground, bearing a crop of lucerne and three apple-trees, he joyfully exclaimed, "At last I shall be able to dispense charity."

Property, he thought, was only valuable in that it could be given away; and he commenced by making such free use of his privileges, that the farm at Chenaumoine and the milch cow would soon have passed away, had not Anne Lavocat fortunately interfered. She seemed to have been born to aid him with her practical wisdom, to be as the oil to his lamp. She was well versed in the *science* of economy, which is very different from, and very much more meritorious, than forced economy; she regulated her household so strictly, and with such mathematical forethought, that one year followed another without any burden of previous debt.

How did the pastor happen to marry this pious housewife? this visible Providence of his home? Well! of course, as he did everything else, by a stroke of inspiration. He thought that a pastor ought to take unto himself a wife, as an example.

"I have no family," he used to say, "and am, therefore, deficient in one virtue."

But, notwithstanding his appeals to his heart, he was conscious of no preference for any one sheep of his flock. He therefore prayed to the Lord to select him a companion, and he awaited the passing of some unknown Rachel across his path.

He had remarked a young girl who came regularly from Saint-Georges to attend his Sunday preachings; and who, during the sermon, hid her face with her Bible, weeping in silence; and after the service, keeping herself apart from her companions, returned, sad and solitary, along the road to the village.

"Why do you weep thus?" the pastor once asked her.

"I can scarcely say," she replied; "but I cannot help thinking that you, who have brought the good

God among us, are yourself living by chance, and have no fireside at which to warm yourself when the day's work is done."

Then, fearing she had spoken unbecomingly, she blushed, hung her head, and wept anew. At sight of her artless grief, the pastor's heart was, for the first time, smitten by the electricity, or whatever it may be called, which courses along every fibre, and instantaneously changes the whole life.

"The hour has come!" he murmured, in an access of pious emotion.

For a moment he reflected.

"Tell me, my girl: should he, whom God selects to be unto thee as another self, be obliged, on account of his faith, to wander over waste lands, through rain and wind, without even a stone on which to rest his head; what would you do in such a time of trial?"

"I would follow him."

"And if, some day, after a long absence, you saw him brought back, stretched on a litter, wounded; his face overspread with the pale hues of dawning

eternity; what would you do? Would you weep for *him*, or for *yourself*, as did the patriarch at sight of Joseph's bloody garment? Think well, now, before you speak."

"I would place my hand on his heart, and, if it still beat, I would say: 'God be praised!' and then I would dress his wound."

"And, if you should hear that on another occasion he had been made to mount, barefoot, on a scaffold, stripped to his shirt, holding a flaming torch; and that there, in the presence of an assembled crowd, and in the midst of drums beating to drown the voice of his prayer, a cord, yet damp with the death-agonies of some murderer, had been placed round his neck?"

"I would fall on my knees, I would pray to God to extend towards me the grace of this holy martyr's spirit, and then I would look up to heaven and wait."

"Anne Lavocat," said the pastor, solemnly, "you have spoken according to my own heart, and I see by your words that you are sent to me by *Him* who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' Will you be

unto me what Rachel was to Jacob? I have nothing to offer you but a share in my dangers, and, perhaps, widowhood on the morrow."

The young girl gazed on the pastor—that elect and most holy man—with an indescribable expression of honest surprise.

"What are you saying, Monsieur? *I* am not worthy to fasten your cloak! But, should you ever deign to call me to be your servant, I am ready to follow you, even to the grave. Take me; here I am."

"Well, my girl! what is said, is said. You must watch and pray for the space of fourteen days and nights, in order thoroughly to question and understand yourself; I will also do the same. On the fifteenth day I will visit you, and if, then, in the presence of your father and mother, you should place your hand in mine, all shall be accomplished between us; and you shall thenceforth partake of my destiny."

On the fifteenth day, accordingly, the pastor sought his betrothed; and the betrothed placed her hand in his, according to the agreement between them. On the evening of that day, he led her, with four

witnesses, to the border of the warren, at the back of the sand-hill, and there, on a block of stone, an improvised altar, he placed the cup of wine and the broken bread; and, opening the Bible, said, with his hand on the sacred page: "I take thee, as in the presence of God, for my wife; and I give myself unto thee for eternity."

Then, handing the bread to his betrothed, he added: "Take; this is my body;" and giving the cup of wine, he again added: "Take; this is my blood." She took, *first*, of both the bread and the wine, then returned the cup to her husband. He placed his lips on the yet humid spot which the young girl's lips had just tremblingly pressed. He felt his heart overflow in this mystic kiss, and his first tear of love fell into the cup, mingling with the symbol of the blood of Christ.

Thus it was that the Pastor Jarousseau married Anne Lavocat, in the month of June, at nightfall, on the sandy downs, perfumed with *immortelle* and sea wormwood, under the holy light of the moon—that moving word of the living God; far from the noisy

haunts of men; in presence only of immensity and eternity, brooding over the nuptial altar in their majestic and mysterious silence; while the 'gently flowing waves on the shore murmured in subdued tones, their ever-sounding hymn.

CHAPTER VI.

God blessed this marriage; and six children were born in the course of the same number of years. Anne Lavocat's system of discipline and economy enabled her to rear this family on her own small income, bringing them up in the fear of the Lord, and in habits of frugality and temperance. Her housekeeping was a marvel of economy.

A soft-boiled egg made a meal for the elders of the party, and in it each child dipped its piece of bread by turns. In summer, the one egg in common was replaced by a cherry, which the mother rubbed over each person's slice of bread; and a tolerably respectable effect was produced by the slight rose-tint thus spread over the surface. This proceeding was all the more ingenious, as it provided the resource of dry bread, to be inflicted as a punishment when needed.

It was the pastor who set the example of this

fierce sobriety, carried even to a defiance of nature. His descendants of the present day have kept and still show the porringer from which he drank his daily morning draught of milk. It barely holds half-a-pint. This was all the breakfast he took. He thought that, to insure a long life, it was necessary to rise from table with an appetite. This more or less problematical system of hygiene had in his case succeeded.

At twenty years of age, when he was still at Lausanne, he had a severe and protracted illness—a disease of the lungs. The head of the faculty thought it necessary to hold a consultation with a certain illustrious physician of Geneva.

"What good would it do," said the young man; "my life is in the hands of God, and as He wills, so will it be."

The physician pronounced the invalid decidedly consumptive, and ordered him to breathe no other air than that of the south; that is to say, he sentenced him to a speedy death. It is true that Pastor Jarousseau died of a complaint of the lungs, at ninety years of age.

The Calvinistic doctrines of grace and predestination were singularly developed in him, owing to his unlimited confidence in supernatural aid, and his habit of trusting to miracles for the support of life.

Whenever a trial was to be encountered, he would say, "God is good," and pass on. This "God is good" had a hidden meaning as profoundly fatalistic as the Arab's "God is great," only that between the *good* God and the *great* God, there was all the difference that there is between the Bible and the Koran.

With this conviction, that all was pre-ordained, he went straight on his course, and was never turned aside by any consideration of human prudence, or, to speak honestly, of human cowardice. When he had once said, "Such a thing shall be!" his word was his destiny. What he had once willed, he always willed, even at the risk of his life; and all this was done naturally, simply, without effort, and without pride. He was formed for encountering danger. It was the life of his soul. No one ever better understood, or more truly experienced the happiness of persecution.

Moreover, owing to his marvellous power of abstraction, he could escape from the pressure of realities. His inward life was so strong, that he could at will suppress the visible world, and withdraw into himself, shut out from all external nature. He called this living in God, and enjoying a foretaste of the future life. It is related of St Bernard, that he once walked, during a whole day, along the borders of the Lake of Geneva, and in the evening inquired where the lake lay, so absorbed had he been in meditation. Pastor Jarousseau had also this gift of "not seeing."

He would sometimes set off for a walk along the shore before breakfast, his brain at work in carrying out trains of thought, until the close of day, without becoming aware that his own shadow had changed its place, and that the sun had passed from east to west. He was so thoroughly inured to compulsory fasting, and had so completely subjugated the feeling of hunger, nature's clock, that when in pursuit of truth or a theory, he soon lost all notion of time and space.

Men were, he said, the slaves of their wants. Such

being his belief, he was ever trying to break his own chains of slavery, and reduce his wants within the smallest possible compass. He would wear his clothes until they were in rags, and very seldom change them. This systematic disdain of the duties of the toilet was the pastor's only fault; and, it must be owned, the cause of the only cloud that ever overspread his household.

At the time of his marriage he possessed a hat, even then a *veteran*, which had attended so many preachings, exposed to hail and sunshine, that it had assumed quite an autumnal tint. Now, the pastor's wife took pride in her husband. Why should she not? for even under the rigid rule of Calvinism a woman retains some portion of womanhood. She resolved, therefore, to make a reform in the matter of the hat; and where there is a will there is a way. She economised, accordingly, in one way and another, in this thing and in that, until at last, from these accumulated savings, she had realised a "*louis*," which she gave to the pastor for the purchase of a hat.

The pastor set off for the fair at Saujon, seriously

intending to use the money with scrupulous strictness for the purpose for which it had been entrusted to him. But on his way he met the wife of Bonnin the blacksmith, a renegade Protestant gone over to Catholicism, or in the language of the reformed camp, to Belial. Her husband was ill, her child was dying, and for the last week she had gone from the bedside of the one to the other having nothing to give them, not even a jug of "*tisane.*" The unhappy woman walked along by the pastor's side, crying because she could get no help from her own people, who, firm in their faith, blamed her and her husband for their apostacy.

"You are in luck," said the pastor, "I am in funds to-day."

And he slipped the *louis* into her apron pocket.

He reached his home with a gladdened heart, for he had never before given so large a sum at once; but, at the same time, his hat looked shabbier than ever, for the rain was falling fast. His wife shrieked in despair on seeing him.

"Be quiet," said he, "I have done what I ought to

have done. Would you have preferred seeing me covered with remorse?"

And he told her of what he called his good fortune.

The pastor's wife, disappointed this first time, set to work afresh with renewed courage and renewed economies. At the end of a year she had, with great difficulty, again accumulated the money for the purchase of a hat. The pastor again set off for Saujon. This time there *could* be *no* obstacle. Bonnin was cured. The hat would be bought.

Fate, alas! had decided otherwise. When he had nearly reached the field where the fair was held, he perceived on the border of a ditch a cart, to which was harnessed a wretched mare; it had fallen in the shafts, and seemed dying of fatigue. Its master, a wandering dealer from the far-off regions of Limousin, was belabouring it with a heavy stick; but the unfortunate animal could not rise, and lay motionless on the grass as if at the point of death. The long stream of tears that flowed from its half-closed eyes was the only sign of life.

"My friend," said the pastor, "why do you

beat your horse thus? Do you not see it is dying?"

"I am helping it to get over the business sooner."

And he renewed his blows.

"Will you sell me your beast?" the pastor gently asked.

The trader cast a sidelong glance at him.

"Monsieur is, of course, joking."

"No, my friend; I speak seriously."

"How much will you give for it?"

"A louis."

The trader agreed, without demur, to the bargain. He had calculated that the *skin* of the beast would scarcely, at the current price, fetch a *pistole.*

He unharnessed the mare.

"There she is!" he said to the pastor; "lead her away if you can. I deliver her over to you, unwarranted."

When Anne Lavocat, the next day, saw her husband return from the Saujon fair, dragging after him a veritable skeleton of a horse; and when, looking back on the past year, she reflected that all the

money for which she had deprived herself of food and sleep had been given for that animal—as thin as the lean kine of Scripture, and fit only to be thrown on a dunghill—she sunk into such a depth of despondency, as actually to doubt the soundness of her husband's intellect. Certainly, his purchase appeared, at first sight, miserable enough—the animal was so worn out as to be scarcely able to stand.

Yet this unhappy mare, that had been neglected, cursed, and picked up from the roadside in a dying state, gradually improved. Aided by time and the field of lucern, she soon became a passable steed; then rose into consideration as a member of the family, bearing the name of Misère, as we have before seen, in remembrance, no doubt, of her origin: to conclude, she became a devoted soul, the most intelligent of her kind. The pastor had saved her life, and, with a vague instinct of the benefit, she sought to repay him with gratitude; tried on all occasions to understand him, succeeded in doing so, followed and watched him continuously. The pastor conscientiously developed this rich nature, which

seemed, by mistake, to have strayed into an animal form. For each new idea he implanted in his pupil's brain, she repaid him by some new service performed.

So, when the pastor occasionally glanced at his hat, he would smile, and say,—

"That hat has repaid me a hundredfold."

Thenceforth he wore the thrice veteran hat with a feeling of pride.

CHAPTER VII.

In order to understand clearly what was called, by the Protestants, life in the desert, it is necessary to insert here a parenthesis of history. Louis XIV. was growing old; and age, complicated with disease, led him to think of salvation. His ways had ever been slippery; and, though he had made a prince of each of his illegitimate sons who had attained to maturity, that he might, at least, sin royally; yet, whether princes or not, they were nevertheless the children of adultery, and the crime remained unaltered. The great king, therefore, felt his conscience heavily burthened in this matter, and wished, before dying, to ease himself of the load.

Père Letellier advised him to do penance by eradicating Protestantism. The clergy had always wished to obtain the royal sanction for a general extermination of the followers of Calvin. A penitent king

seemed to them a stroke of good fortune, which might lead to a second lengthened Saint Bartholomew. They hastily seized the opportunity. Bossuet had said to the governing powers: "*Gladium gladio copulemus;*" that is to say, "Strike, while I hold the victim."

At first they hoped to *buy* Protestantism; and for that purpose established a general agency for conversion, at money price. On an average, they paid abjuration at the rate of a crown per head—a *little crown*—which was indeed a cheapening of the faith. But they soon perceived that depreciated orthodoxy was not worth much. The new convert generally spent his money's worth of apostacy at the public-house, and returned to his vomit, to speak in clerical language. The king then changed his system; and, to recover his money, had recourse to persecution.

The persecution was at first slight and underhand—to try the strength or the resignation of Protestantism. They began by interdicting a preaching here; by removing a pastor there; by suspending public worship elsewhere; and lastly, by excluding youths

of the Huguenot persuasion from all universities and corporations. By an ingenious imitation of the Roman proscription, they thus deprived them of instruction and work—the fire and water of modern civilisation.

It was a happy beginning. Protestantism, so long baffled, bent its head, and kept silence. Louis XIV. thought he might then strike a last blow, and recall heresy, by order of council, into the bosom of the Church. For this purpose he issued edict after edict: an edict depriving Protestants of all public functions salaried by government; an edict depriving them of the offices for which they had paid; an edict proscribing their preachers; an edict closing their churches; an edict forbidding their meetings; an edict depriving the women of their rights; an edict for forcibly carrying away their children; an edict confiscating their property; an edict enjoining them to quit the kingdom—this edict being obeyed, an edict was issued *forbidding* them, on pain of death, to pass the frontier; an edict forbidding them any but Protestant servants; and then,

after due reflection, a new edict commanding them to have only Catholic servants; hoping, doubtless, that they would thus have greater facilities for "*espionnage.*" We have not yet ended. Let us pause to take breath.

An edict for encouraging abjuration, by exempting the Huguenot apostates from the payment of their debts; an edict forbidding the incorrigible Protestants to tend their sick in their own homes. On one occasion the unfortunate bed-ridden people were carried out of their houses by the police, and borne away on litters to the hospital. An edict awarding to any informer against a refractory Protestant half of his fortune. The Comte de Ruvigny, a Calvinist emigrant, before his departure to Holland, had confided a sum of money to President Harlay. The president informed the king of the deposit, and obtained half the confiscated property. An edict obliging people to deliver up their relatives who were guilty of heresy. A daughter—it is true that she was a nun—Sister Marie Suzanne de la Miséricorde, begged for the incarceration of her mother, a lady of the name of

Courard. The police, more charitable than Sœur Marie Suzanne de la Miséricorde, allowed the lady her liberty on parole. An edict decreeing that the bodies of those who died impenitent, should be dragged on hurdles to the sewers, and there cast down. This edict was annulled by the Regent, who said a bad effect would ensue from the work of the hurdles. An edict compelling the heretics to communicate regularly. Truly their communion would be a sacrilege, but that would not matter; their children would, perhaps, eventually sincerely adopt Catholic practices, after having seen their parents' adoption of the same—the present generation would be lost, but the rising one saved. Finally, an edict dissolving marriages, and proclaiming the children bastards. Thus, Louis XIV. legitimised his own bastards, and bastardised the legitimate children of the Calvinists. This was compensation.

The word having been given, Louis XIV. sent detachments of dragoons all over the country, to enforce these edicts at the sword's point. History acknowledges that the dragoons conscientiously

obeyed orders. They forcibly entered the houses of the Calvinists; they burned, demolished, taxed; they cut down trees; they robbed, insulted, and beat; they tortured, emptied the cellars, carried off the grain, carried off the children; imprisoned, shot, hung the preachers; in fact, they persecuted, scientifically and methodically, in a manner that would have merited the esteem of the members of the Inquisition. Henceforth, the Calvinists were treated like wild beasts. The king's dragoons hunted them, set fire to their homes, waylaid and shot them. It was an organised butchery. Those who eluded the pistol-shots fell on the scaffold. How could it have been otherwise, when the Pope had with his own hand signed a decree, giving full licence for the sport; and the clergy throughout France were singing a perpetual *Te Deum* in honour of persecution?

The Protestant population being thus as in a town taken by assault, yielded at first, professed a formal belief, and, by degrees, signed all that they were told to sign. Fanaticism then proclaimed this a miracle. It might, certainly, have been a Roman Catholic

miracle. The king, wondering at this sudden access of Catholicism, believed that he had at last secured his place in Paradise by the side of Constantine.

But persecution, as usual, was unavailing. After the first panic, the Calvinist population resumed its secret preachings. The great king, then, seeing that the endless issue of edicts, with their accompanying cruelties, had not swept away Protestantism, produced, with the aid of Father Letellier, a *last* edict, worthy of being the chef-d'œuvre of a Loyola. It decreed that all Protestants should be accounted Catholics; and if, after this decision, the Protestants still persisted in their heresy, they should be accounted relapsers, and punished as such, by being marked and banished. This was for the men. As for the women, their heads should be shaved, and they should be shut up in a convent.

Violence begets violence. The Protestants, thus harassed, bethought them of their ancestors. The mountaineers of the Cevennes took up arms; and the royal troops, commanded by the degenerate scholars of Turenne, were beaten by ignorant herds-

men. To suppress this insurrection of heroes wearing *sabots,* and urged on by female prophets, the fierce pro-consul of Languedoc, the *Intendant* Basville ordered the cold-blooded destruction of six hundred villages. The persecutors were steeped in blood. A drunkenness of cruelty prevailed.

The Maréchal de Montreval was one day dining at Nimes, at Fléchier's table. During the repast he hears, privately, that a pastor is preaching in a mill in the suburbs. He rises hastily from table, takes command of a company of fusiliers, invests the mill, and without summons of any other sort, gives the order for burning it. The assembled congregation, surprised by the flames, attempt to escape, but are forced back into the brazier by the fire of the troops.

A young girl contrives to pass through the double lines of fire—the Maréchal de Montreval's lackey protects her, by covering her with his cloak; forthwith, the maréchal orders the poor child and her protector to be hung face to face on a neighbouring tree. The lackey is pardoned through the intervention of a nun.

The young girl only is hung. After this feat, Montreval returns to his interrupted meal, and in the evening, Fléchier gravely writes: "This example was necessary to chastise their insolence."

The authorities thus began by buying Protestantism, and ended by slaying it. They went with a purse in one hand, and a sword in the other, saying, "Choose! shame or death!" The people chose in accordance with their natures: the nobles abjured; the plebeians crossed the frontiers, carrying with them a portion of the wealth of the land.

Louis XIV. died, and the regent set aside the fiction which, in order to obtain the power of punishing Protestants as relapsers, had in the king's name decreed that all Protestants were Catholics; but on the death of the regent, an almoner of the *Palais Royal*, who had been elevated to the dignity of the mitre through his infamous connection with the Duchesse de Berry, produced a re-edition, with a slight aggravation, of the deceased king's edict. According to Louis the Fourteenth's edict, a Protestant was not considered a relapser unless he gave his *own*

confession in presence of the officer of justice. According to Tressan's new edict, the declaration of the *curé* sufficed. Thus the lives, fortunes, and liberties of the families suspected of heresy, were entirely dependent on the good or bad humour of the *curé* of the parish. Now, *curés* are neither by nature nor principle inclined to indulgence: to mention only one example, the Abbé Mignot, of the diocese of Meude, ordered a young girl to be flogged to death, because with her mother's milk she had imbibed her mother's ideas, and preferred the Bible to the confessional.

The Duc de la Vrillière rigorously followed Tressan's tradition. During his ministry, long files of religionists, amongst whom were included children of eight years of age, were seen on the high roads, being dragged to the galleys, weeping as they went, with sticks held over their heads, and chains round their necks, because they believed in their God, and met together to worship Him. There they remained for life, and a convict's life is soon ended. Their pastors

were more fortunate; they mounted the scaffold, and at least died *speedily* by the hand of the executioner.

As the galleys were not intended for women, they were sent elsewhere.

In the heart of France, on the border of the marshes at Aigues Mortes, there stood a solitary tower, gloomy, silent, and open only at the summit, where it let in the snow and rain. This mysterious tower was guarded by a sentry, night and day. No one knew who were its inhabitants.

It was vaguely said that, in former times, a number of women, surprised in the desert, had crossed the threshold of this prison. Old men related tales of having *seen* girls of tender age amongst the victims. Were these prisoners dead or alive? No sound could penetrate through those stone walls.

It was only known that a coffin was occasionally brought out from thence.

In the course of time Protestant Europe heard of the existence of this charnel-house. Frederick the

Great petitioned for the pardon of these unfortunate beings, but was refused.

Long afterwards—how many, alas ! had died in the interval—the Maréchal de Beauveau, commandant of the province, insisted on seeing this state prison. He ordered the grating to be opened.

God alone knows what he then felt ; for, at the sight of human *things*, such as no language can describe, that man of iron nerve and proved courage, lost all power of speaking to the shadows suddenly raised up before him ; he could only sign to them to go.

They beheld at last the sun's light, but had scarcely cast a scared glance around on the open country, than they fell on their knees to the maréchal, begging to be cast back again into their cells.

They had no longer families or acquaintances. Some of them had been sixty years in the depths of that tomb. The Prince de Beauveau necessarily supported them at first at his own expense.

He was afterwards ordered by the Duc de la Vrillière to replace the victims in their prison; but replied, that the infamous dungeon had been walled up, and should not, as long as he commanded in the province, be re-opened.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEVERTHELESS, at the time of Pastor Jarousseau's preachings in the desert, Voltaire had already spoken, and by his glorious sway over public opinion, had inclined government towards tolerance—a capricious tolerance certainly, troubled here and there by occasional bursts of ill-will to Protestantism; at the best, it was but the intermittent gleam of a better day.

The Maréchal de Senneterre, as we have seen, was then Governor of Saintonge, and dwelt in the *Château de Semussac*, at a league's distance from Saint-Georges-de-Didonne. He was old and blind, yet invariably played his game of piquet after supper, and could distinguish each card by touch.

Although blind, he was ever cheerful; this generally indicates somewhat of a philosophical turn. He had fought in India, consequently had travelled much, had made his comparisons, and fixed his faith

in the God of the universe. But his chief satisfaction was derived from the maintenance of order and regularity in his province and his army.

When he heard of Pastor Jarousseau's arrival at Saint-Georges, he sent for him to his chateau. "Listen! my friend," he said; "I know what your occupation here is; but I mean to ignore it. Since you insist on having a flock, lead it to feed wherever you like, on whatever pastures you choose, provided only it is not in public, and on the highways; but, understand me, there must be no scandal. When a child is born amongst you, it must be baptised by the curé; and when a girl is married, it must be in the church. And should it ever be my duty to seek you, I shall always take care not to find you; but you must help me in this."

"Would your lordship, under these circumstances, point out my line of conduct?"

"The devil! my man; I can't show you how to elude my justice! Have a retreat in your house, or elsewhere. It matters little to *me!* It is no business of mine, provided you are hidden; only, whenever I

send to arrest you, the drums shall be beaten at the entrance of the village."

Then, dismissing the pastor with an air of authority, he added,—

"Go! I have nothing more to say. Consider yourself warned."

The pastor understood that the maréchal's last words conveyed a tacit permission to preach the Gospel. But on the subjects of baptism and marriage in the church, no permission had been given. This difficulty, however, had been foreseen, and settled long ago. Previous to the Revolution, the clergy had, as is well known, kept the civil registers of the state. On the birth of a child in a Protestant family, it was taken by the father to the *curé* of the parish, who baptised, and registered the birth; the child was then taken to the pastor's house, and by him re-baptised; thus the young soul, so lately brought wailing into the world, passed in a quarter of an hour, by means of a drop of water, from Catholicism to Protestantism. The question of marriage was insoluble. As it was necessary to confess before being married

in church, the Protestants preferred being married in the desert, although their children would, in law, be bastards.

Pastor Jarousseau contrived a hiding-place within the wall of his upper room, and preached the Word of God, protected by the Maréchal de Senneterre, though always discreetly, so as to keep the terms of the treaty between them.

Every Sunday, he notified to his flock the place of meeting for the following Sunday; sometimes it was in the Suzac Forest; sometimes on the sandy downs of Saint-Georges; at other times in a cave, in the cliffs, or under ash-trees bordering the Chenaumoine pond.

The faithful flocked to these meetings, from a distance of six leagues around, across unfrequented paths; the men armed with long iron-tipped sticks, the women hidden under their old-fashioned hooded cloaks. On arrival, they placed their *merreau*—a sign of mutual recognition—in the hands of the elders of the church, and silently took their places side by side, with heads bared, and hands resting on

their sticks. Then the pastor, mounted on a hillock in default of a pulpit, or leaning against the trunk of some old tree that bent weepingly over him, commenced divine service by reading and commenting on a chapter of the Gospels.

Meanwhile Misère, posted as advanced sentry on a neighbouring height, stood motionless with pricked up ears, scanning the horizon and snuffing the air; and at the slightest suspicious sound, or the faintest glimpse of a uniform moving about in the distance, she descended from her post, and gave the signal for retreat.

When the troops were scouring the country, Pastor Jarousseau sometimes found it impossible to preach on shore on Sundays. On these occasions two or three decked boats, belonging to fishermen or pilots, would stealthily leave the harbour of Saint-Georges before daybreak, and glide out to sea with all sails set, until out of sight of land; then they closed together; the hatchways were opened, and the faithful, who had been hidden below, came up on the decks, while the pastor, standing near the binnacle of the centre

boat, where he seemed lost in the immense void of the horizon, raised his head, sang a psalm, and then preached; after which, dipping his hand into a bucket of salt water, he baptised the newly-born, initiating them in advance, by this bitter baptism, into a life of persecution.

Such was the preaching on the open sea, where boundless space formed their temple, the vaulted heavens its roof, and a few planks floating on the heaving waters its floor: a striking image of the Church under the cross, without resting-place or home. There, the sea sparkling in the distant sunshine, far away from man, they were alone with God, as on the judgment-day. Thus, in a stream of light, should we enter life eternal.

At night-fall the boats, to elude suspicion, returned separately to the harbour of Saint-Georges. Frequently has the man on watch at the helm of some Breton vessel entering the river, heard in the distance and darkness of night, the solemn, mournful sounds of men's and women's voices singing, and has crossed himself to charm away the spectres of the abyss, ima-

gining that the sounds arose from the depths of the sea.

Yet, notwithstanding the great secrecy of this worship, both on sea and land, the fact of Pastor Jarousseau's preachings transpired. There was in those days at Saint-Georges a "curé," called L'Abbé Leborgne; a small, thin man, with a round head, bald over the forehead (which receded as if it had been beaten in with a hammer), long tapering nose, and grey eyes. He was a thorough fanatic, a species of splenetic saint, out of keeping with the gaiety of the times; living alone in a *tête-à-tête* with his crucifix, and practising all the austerities of a monk of the Middle Ages. His shallow brain, irritated by continual fasting and abstinence, admitted but of one idea—*Hell;* and but of one dogma—*compelle entrare.* The Bishop of Saintes had thought it was necessary to send to Saint-Georges, then the *focus* of Calvinism, an irreproachable and inexorable priest, who, instead of disputing with heresy, would rigorously point it out to the secular authorities. He had therefore chosen L'Abbé Leborgne.

The pastor, wishing to show a spirit of conciliation, went to visit him on his arrival.

The curé stood on his door step and received him as if he had been a leper.

"What is your business here?" he said, testily. "What can there be in common between us?"

"Charity, *Monsieur le Curé.*"

"I have no charity for error."

And he retreated into his house.

L'Abbé Leborgne believed that his own salvation and that of the world depended on the extinction of Protestantism. He consequently worked at it conscientiously. Whenever he heard of a meeting in the desert, he walked forth, with his breviary under his arm, to announce the fact to the Bishop of Saintes, who in his turn announced it at Versailles, and, after successive announcements, the state crime was eventually announced at the Château de Semussac, with an order for rigorous punishment.

The Maréchal de Senneterre, being blind, used to write, waggishly, at the bottom of the notice, "I have

seen nothing;" and then returned the notice thus annotated to the minister.

When too hard pressed, he would send a battalion, with drums beating, on a domiciliary visit to the pastor; who, warned by the sound of the drums, ascended into his hiding-place until the storm had passed.

But, shortly after the Marquis de Mauroy's visit, the Maréchal de Senneterre had an illness, which obliged him to go to Paris for a surgical operation. The pastor believed he should be able to continue his apostleship in the desert as usual.

Unfortunately, during the absence of the governor, the *Intendant* Barentin was placed in authority. Now, the intendant was indebted to the clergy for his good fortune. He ever sought to gratify his patrons; and, thinking he could best do so by giving another underhand blow at Protestantism, he ordered a certain Captain Lambert to take his troop of dragoons by night to the village of Saint-Georges, and place the men at the disposal of Abbé Leborgne.

It was Pentecost Sunday. The pastor was preaching that day on the verge of the Suzac forest, behind the hill called "Terrier-Têtu;" and Misère, posted on the summit of the hill, was attentively surveying the shore of Saint-Georges and the Mechez road.

Early in the morning of that day, Captain Lambert had posted his troop in the forest; and, no sooner had the pastor commenced preaching, than he suddenly beheld the plumes of the soldiers rising from the hollows of a ravine, overshadowed by flowering broom.

The officer marched at their head with drawn sword, and by his side was a black spectre-like form, apparently guiding him; who, at sight of the pastor, retreated into the thicket.

The sermon was cut short.

"Down upon your knees!" cried the pastor to his congregation.

Every head disappeared amongst the ferns and brushwood.

The pastor alone remained standing.

The detachment halted, and formed in single line, with carabines advanced.

"PRESENT!" cried the officer.

The pastor crossed his arms over his chest.

"FIRE!"

A prolonged succession of reports resounded through the gloomy colonnade of forest pine-tree trunks. The Terrier-Têtu was momentarily overclouded with smoke. Misère, taken by surprise on guard, neighed in distress.

The balls had whistled, but one alone had struck, and knocked off the pastor's hat.

The apostle quietly took up his damaged headgear, looked at it regretfully, as if bidding it a last adieu, and exclaimed,—

"My wife will at last be satisfied, for now I shall be forced to buy another hat."

Then raising aloft the old glory-covered wreck, he shouted, "*Vive le Roi!*" but, suddenly feeling a sharp pain in his head, raised his hand to his forehead, and withdrew it covered with blood.

"The awkward fellow," he said, "has managed to wound me."

His head then sunk on his chest as he added,—

"After all, God is good; that ball might have killed me."

And he fell senseless.

CHAPTER IX.

On recovering consciousness, the pastor found himself in bed, with his head bandaged; the captain of dragoons seated by his side, his chin supported on the pommel of his sword, quietly watching him.

"*Monsieur le Pasteur*," said he, "I am under orders to take you away; but, believing you are an honest man, I am very willing to let you remain here a prisoner on parole, on condition that you promise never again to attempt holding any kind of meeting."

"I am truly distressed at being obliged to refuse your request, at this our first interview; but I cannot give the promise you ask."

"Then, monsieur, I also am distressed; but I will do my duty, which, for a soldier, means obeying orders.

I am bound to obey my colonel's orders, even should it be against my own father."

"I, too, have *my* orders to obey; my conscience orders me to bear witness to the truth."

"Your *conscience*," resumed the captain. "I know of no such commanding officer; but, as it seems that conscience wears the best epaulette in *your* regiment, do as you please. Every one to his liking. And, to begin, I will place a sentry here, at the house door, with orders to fire at the slightest attempt at escape."

The captain rose to depart, but turning again towards the pastor, added,—

"There is, I hope, no ill-feeling between us; and as I may, perhaps, never have another opportunity of speaking to you, let me tell you that you are a gallant fellow. You behaved under fire like an old soldier. It is a thousand pities that you are not a military man; you would do honour to the profession."

He took the pastor's hand, and added,—

"Pray do not be imprudent; for, in charity, I

warn you that the best marksman in the company will be left here, to keep guard over you. However, if at any future time I should be able to serve you, consider me as your friend."

He departed; and the pastor exclaimed, as he looked after him,—

"Forgive them, Lord! They have never known what they have been doing; they would kill a man for his belief, with as much tranquillity as if they were doing him a kindness."

The pastor was, for a long time, confined to his bed, owing to his wound, and guarded by a sentry. His wife, unfortunately, possessed a complete pharmacy of strange remedies, hereditarily transmitted, and improved upon from generation to generation. She had an herb or an infusion for every malady of the human body. A certain lotion of her own concoction, which she applied to her husband's wound, proved so infallible that the patient recovered from the effects of his wound in a month; and, after another month, he recovered from the effects of the remedy.

When the pastor was convalescent, he had a visit from Jacques Boisseau, a miller, and president of the consistory, whose first words, almost, on entering, were—

"Israel is in desolation."

The miller, by Biblical licence, thus designated the village of Saint-Georges-de-Didonne.

"And the Church is widowed of the Lord's Word. Isaac Volet was to have been married to Suzanne Chardemette, at the time of hay-harvest. That time has long passed, and Isaac Volet is not yet married, for there is no man of God to bless the marriage. Etienne Bernard's wife gave birth to a son last week; the child was, of course, taken to the church, and, since then, the poor little fellow has borne the sign of Babylon on its forehead."

Jacques Boisseau, by a new poetical licence, spoke thus of the baptism administered by the curé.

"If such a state of things continues, we shall soon drift away from the Lord, His holy name will cease to be heard, and we shall lose the habit of prayer.

We shall live—and, more horrible still, die—like pagans."

"True!" replied the pastor, sadly; "but you see I am a prisoner. Were I to move from this house, that man planted perpetually at my door would raise his gun. It is certainly necessary, when called upon, to face martyrdom; but, at the same time, we must not rashly tempt the Lord. Besides, my work perhaps is not finished. During my illness, I have had an inspiration. But keep silence on that subject! I have yet to verify it. Meantime, go to Pastor Dubaptiste at the Ile d'Avert, and beg him, from me, to take my place for a short time."

"Pastor Dubaptiste serves God now under bolt and bar, in the prison at Marennes; the troops have scattered the tribe of Levi."

Pastor Jarousseau sighed, but to retract this tacit avowal of weakness, he immediately added, in low and gentle tones,—

"God is good! May His will be done, and His name blessed."

Then, with his prophet-like glance fixed on Jacques Boisseau, he said,—

"Place your hand on your heart, my son; question it, as in the presence of God, and tell me if you feel yourself strong enough to bear the burden of the holy ministry?"

Jacques Boisseau reflected a moment.

"My heart," he said, with holy confidence, "is good, but the other requisites very likely are wanting."

"No matter; where the heart is, God is always present. Go, then! I lay my hands on you, and henceforth you may baptize and bless in the name of the Lord."

"What is said, is said," resumed Jaques Boisseau; "and as it is certain that *some* one must take up the sword of the Lord now fallen to the ground, I will go out to sea to-morrow, to make up for lost time."

Accordingly, at dawn of the next day, a vessel called the *Grâce de Dieu* left the jetty of Saint-Georges. When she had doubled the Cordouan lighthouse and gained the open sea, she took in sail;

and the faithful ascended to the deck for divine service.

They were a party of twelve: Isaac Volet, and Suzanne Chardemette, with their parents and witnesses; Bernard's wife with her nursling, and the godfather and godmother.

Jacques Boisseau read a sermon suitable to the occasion, gave the nuptial blessing to the affianced pair; then, dipping his hand into the water that had been drawn up the vessel's side, baptized the child. The ceremony concluded, the vessel without delay retraced its course towards the port of Saint-Georges, but in the afternoon the wind, which had until then blown from the shore, suddenly veered to the west. At sunset the wind increased. The air was overspread with fog. The Cordouan light was undistinguishable in the dense atmosphere. A faint murmur, like the humming of a spindle, was heard in the direction of the shore. It was the breaking of the waves over the Maumusson rock, a sound which, on the Saintonge coast, is indicative of rough weather. It is a saying in the country, that "when Maumusson

roars, a vessel is cast ashore," and the saying has generally proved true.

At four o'clock in the afternoon there were no signs, in the roadstead of Saint-Georges, of the return of the *Grâce de Dieu.* The sea was rough, and the weather threatening. Jean Mautrel, the pilot, was on the look-out, on the cliffs, with his son Joseph. Now and then he adjusted his telescope, and directed it along the horizon, then closed it with a shake of the head, and the fixedness of look which, in mariners, indicates extreme uneasiness.

At last, however, he fancied he could discern, through the telescope, a white object floating through the fog.

"There is the *Grâce de Dieu!*" he exclaimed; "trying to double the Point of Suzac."

Silently and earnestly he watched the vessel's manœuvres. Then, lowering his glass with a gesture of despair, he passed his sleeve over the lens to clear it.

"Look yourself," he said to his son; "my sight seems suddenly dimmed."

Joseph took the glass.

"The vessel does not answer the helm," he said; "the tide drives her towards the rock."

Then, buttoning his red woollen jacket over his chest, he added, decisively,—

"We must be gone!"

"Why, where would you go?" said the pilot.

"There!" he said, with outstretched arm, indicating the Point of Suzac. "Should the *Grâce de Dieu* come to grief, there is one man I know of, who has not forgotten the method of saving Christians."

"Then this method must be kept for another time. Only look!"

And the pilot pointed to the raging sea, spreading clouds of foam over the shore.

"That matters not," said Joseph. "Our proper place is wherever help can be given."

"Truly so," said the father.

He took his son's hand, and ran rapidly with him across the shore which separated Saint-Georges from Suzac.

The vessel was in a desperate position. The wind having suddenly fallen while she was doubling the Point of Suzac, the force of the tide had drifted her towards the rocks. She had then cast anchor, with sails set, at the base of a natural arch formed by the action of the waves, there to await a fresh wind. While the tide rose, the anchorage was tolerably safe, for there were four fathoms of water above the platform of the rock. The waves curled and flowed under the keel of the vessel, and broke on the shore, at a distance of two cables' length. But when the tide turned, and the rock here and there began to show its tufted crest, the waves, irritated by this counter-shock, called by mariners return-tide, broke with violence against it. The sea had imprisoned the vessel in an amphitheatre of thundering mountains of water, ranged, one behind the other, in endless succession.

The moving enclosure of breakers was approaching nearer and nearer to the *Grâce de Dieu*, with frightful rapidity.

"Come," said Joseph, "now is our time."

The surging waters around were already seizing on their prey, when a wave, dashed back from the Point of Suzac, scattering abroad its long line of foam, bounded on to the rock at the height of the yards, and broke on the vessel's deck, with a sound as of the roaring of cannon.

The wave was dispersed into foam, and all else had vanished.

"The vessel is lost!" exclaimed the pilot.

"Pardon me, my father; there she is again," replied Joseph.

Submerged for an instant, the vessel had just reappeared, oscillating on her keel, as if endeavouring to recover equilibrium. The passengers were seen running to and fro on deck, in the madness of despair: a second wave was advancing, bearing its solemn sentence of death. It augmented in volume as it approached, until it attained to the height of the vessel, rose over it in an enormous arch, fell heavily, then spread itself tumultuously around, leaving nothing visible on the water but large sheets of foam.

Then, an undefined waif, above which a *something* seemed floating, became visible on the surface of the waves, while a sea-gull slowly wheeled round the gulph in which the vessel had just sunk.

Joseph Mautret, the most fearless seaman and the best swimmer in the country, threw himself into the sea in the hope of saving, at least, *one* human being, but a wave struck him full on the chest, throwing him violently back on the shore. The shingle clattered noisily under the rolling waves, and the pilot saw a bundle of clothes tossed about over the pebbles. It was his son, helpless and unconscious; the surf dragging him back into the sea.

He raised him. The poor fellow, when restored to his senses, stood motionless and petrified on the beach, looking fiercely at the over-mastering waves, seemingly bent on keeping their victims.

The sea-gull still hovered over the foaming billows, apparently watching the vessel's downward career through that floating shroud. Occasionally it dipped and rose again, with a cry as if for help. But no help was in sight.

"It is all over!" said the pilot.

"It is all over!" was mechanically echoed by Joseph.

But looking back, he suddenly exclaimed, in a hopeful tone,—

"There is the pastor!"

CHAPTER X.

It was indeed the pastor on his mare, who had carried him at a gallop. He detached a rope, suspended from his saddle bow, and standing erect in his stirrups, raised a hand towards the heavens, as if invoking aid.

"Where has the vessel gone down?" he asked.

"There!" replied the pilot, pointing to the arched rock. "But what are you going to do?" he added, seizing the mare's bridle; "my son has just been thrown head over heels by the blow of a wave, as if he had been shot."

"Let the pastor go," said Joseph. "Last year, when he saved the life of Noël Membrard, at the Valière Point, the sea was quite as wild as it is now."

"May God protect you, then," said the pilot, loosing his hold of Misère's bridle.

Misère advanced boldly at first through the surf; but when she felt the shingle turning rapidly under her hoofs like a mill-wheel, and the foam crackling sharply against her nostrils, she pricked up her ears, and snorted in evident terror.

"How now!" ejaculated the pastor, reproachfully.

On which the heroic mare gathered herself together, and with a bound dashed into the waves. But as soon as her feet were off the ground, she was struck on the chest by a wave, and raised erect. The wave passed. The mare recovered her equilibrium, and again plunged forward; her hind-quarters alone were visible above the foam.

The pastor's greatest difficulty was at last overcome: his steed was able to swim.

Jean Mautret and his son ascended the sand-hill to watch the grand sight of a man battling with the ocean. A blood-red line barred the sky where the sun had set; a livid mist obscured the horizon.

The two sailors long gazed in the direction where the rider was being borne by his horse across the roaring depths. They could only, however, perceive at intervals a black speck, just discernible, tossed about on the agitated waves; and gradually receding until it was lost in the fog.

They hastily tore up handfuls of dry grass and rushes, and made a fire in case it should be needed for any who might be saved from the wreck. The flame was blown by the wind in a long trail over the wet shore, when, by their bivouac light, they suddenly perceived the figure of the dragoon.

"Where is my prisoner?" he cried, breathless from his long run in pursuit of Misère.

"Go and look for him *there!*" replied Joseph, with gloomy sarcasm. "And I hope you may be able to bring him back."

Night had set in. The tide was still flowing out. The hoarse sound of the waves was dying away in the distance, like the cry of some wild beast carrying off its prey. Soon after sunset the breeze had freshened and dispersed the fog. The stars were

peacefully shining over the scene of death. Time was speeding on; the pastor had not returned.

The two sailors stood in front of the wind-beaten flame, gazing now and then into the distance, and again sadly turning to their expiring bivouac fire. The pilot looked at his watch.

"An hour has passed," he said.

He dared not give further utterance to his thoughts Joseph sighed.

"I ought not to have let the pastor go," he said; "but yet the sea was as rough at the Valière Point."

Their heads drooped in silence; they endeavoured to suppress their presentiments; when suddenly an agonising cry of distress was heard from the shore:—

"Help! my friends!"

They discerned through the darkness the figure of a man on horseback, relieved against the light background of the luminous waves. They ran to his aid. The horse, trembling in every limb, its mane streaming, was turning its head anxiously from side to side; the water pouring from its flanks, and falling with a dull sound on the sand. The pastor, pale and be-

numbed by cold, his lips sternly compressed, eyes wild, and hair clinging to his face, remained seated in his saddle. He pressed his hand to his forehead, his lips moved, but no sound came forth, until at last, summoning up his remaining energy, he said, in smothered tones,—

"They are there."

He pointed to a mass of confused forms tossed about in the foam, then sunk from his saddle, exhausted. Misère, seeing her master fallen, sank down also, as if to die by his side.

The mass, tossed about in the foam, and carried backwards and forwards by the tide and the surf, was a group of human beings clinging to the vessel's mast; the first person recognised was the coxswain, then Jacques Boisseau, the third a young man convulsively grasping the arm of a young woman, who had fainted. These last were Isaac Volet and his betrothed.

The dragoon had followed the pilot to the beach, and was looking on with the air of one familiarised with scenes even more harrowing.

"Friend," said Joseph, addressing him, "could you not help us?"

"Willingly," replied the soldier, after casting a glance at the pastor, and seeing that he was stretched motionless, and that, consequently, he ran no risk of losing his prisoner a second time. Then, taking the rope from the pastor's clenched hand, by their united efforts they drew the wreck to the shore, carried the people up to the fire on the sand-hill; and placing them near the warm embers, went to raise the pastor and his steed, and bring them also to the bivouac. Those rescued from the wreck were gradually revived by the heat, and restored to consciousness; when with one accord they turned towards the pastor, overwhelming him with thanks for their deliverance.

"It is not *me* you should thank," modestly said the gospel hero, "it is this poor beast, who has borne all the fatigue."

But Isaac Volet had remained kneeling beside the body of his betrothed, laying his hand occasionally on her heart, and loudly calling her by name. Her

heart had ceased to beat, her chest was icy cold; a faint colour floated over her face for an instant, like a last flicker of life, and as quickly disappeared.

Jean Mautrel and his son raised the corpse on their shoulders and bore it to Saint-Georges. The party walked on in silence; the thoughts of all, on that melancholy night, were full of grief, for the sea, now hidden in the darkness, still held six bodies.

In the midst of this profound grief, the dragoon bent his head towards the pastor's ear, and speaking in a voice broken with emotion, said,—

"Give me your hand, Monsieur Jarousseau; you are a noble fellow, and yet, I tell you frankly, that I am not quite pleased with you."

"Why not, my friend?"

"Why, because you tell me to get myself a glass of wine from the kitchen, and during my absence you quietly make your escape, without reflecting that you were perhaps subjecting an honest soldier to misfortune."

"What a misfortune!" the pastor answered mechanically, absorbed in the grief of the moment.

"What can a man do? He has his orders, and *also* his loaded carbine. You know very well how desperately grieved I should have felt. Why could you not have given me a hint of your departure? Between friends there is always a way of coming to an understanding."

"You are right," said the pastor, "and I promise you I will never again cross the threshold of my door without giving you warning, until such time as it shall please the Lord to remove His burden from my shoulders, and restore me to liberty."

"In that case, Monsieur le Pasteur, take my carbine lest I should be tempted. For the future, you may go and come as you will. Only, please to remember that my life depends on your word."

He held his carbine towards the pastor.

"What would you have me do with that, my friend? Keep the gun, to show some day to your grand-children, and tell them it was in former times the instrument of a state religion."

When the mournful party arrived at the first house in the village, the pastor gave orders for the corpse

to be placed on the stone bench outside the door. A crowd of people, carrying resin torches, ran to the spot from all sides, to identify the victim. The body lay in an attitude of repose, the head reclined towards one shoulder, with hair loosened, the arms stretched along the sides, the legs stiffened and straight, the bare feet protruding from the dress, like those of a statue from its drapery. As, at times, the light of some wandering torch passed across the face, the dead eyes seemed to become reanimated; the light passed, and the shadow of death, with its pale hue of eternity, again settled over it.

The circle around the corpse closed in, nearer and nearer, in a feeling of unconquerable curiosity. The little children, forced by the pressure close up to the stone bench, hid their faces in their aprons in affright. The mothers cried, screamed, and called upon Jacques Boisseau, who, lost in the crowd, was overwhelmed with grief at the disaster, of which he had been the involuntary cause. They charged him with the loss of their brothers and sons, and taunted

him with having chosen to act as the Lord's elect, and drawn down His anger by this rashness.

Jacques Boisseau bowed his head, conscience-stricken at each reproach.

"*Silence!*" the pastor authoritatively exclaimed. "Let no one dare to speak, when God has thus spoken. Let us rather collect our thoughts, and question ourselves as in His presence, with submissive hearts, that we may understand the severe lesson He has just given us; for God does not needlessly try His creatures, but that they may be recalled to the truth."

The pastor knelt on the ground, and the crowd imitated him.

The dragoon alone remained standing for a moment; and then, with the military instinct of movement in common, he also went down on his knees.

"If you are a Christian," said some one at his side, "you can surely pray with us."

The pastor remained long in meditation, with his head sunk on his bosom. A solemn silence meanwhile reigned over the assembly. No sound was heard

but that of the sea, mingled with an occasional sob. It was as if a breath of inspiration were passing through the air.

After long mental preparation the pastor arose.

"My friends," he said, "God is good, and though He has taken the poor martyr laid on that bench as a victim, His purpose is doubtless, by this sacrifice, to redeem us from servitude. Hitherto we have prayed in the desert; and when unable to find a place for prayer on shore, have gone out upon the ocean. Now, however, earth and sea seem simultaneously to reject our prayers. What can this mean, but that either the last hour of the Gospel has arrived, or that the hour of our deliverance is at hand? The first supposition is blasphemous; the second, therefore, must be the true one. I have questioned the Holy Spirit; and, if I am not guilty of presumption, the Spirit has answered thus: You have a good king, who is now raising up an oppressed people; therefore, he surely cannot know that you are being shot down and cast upon the waves, as, in former times, the first Christians were thrown before

wild beasts. Seek him! tell him of your martyrdoms! for if he is good, he will render you justice. This is what has been suggested to my soul; but as the Divine Will is more clear when revealed to *several* people than to *one*—as it is written, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there will I be, in the midst of them'—I think it will be right to consult the elders, and ask their advice. Let me see. Thomas Guerin! are you here?"

"Yes!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"Speak first, being the oldest."

CHAPTER XI.

An old man, his head encircled by a crown of floating, white hair, advanced, hat in hand, into the centre of the circle. Thomas Guerin was a retired captain of the merchant service, and the most learned man in the village.

"As the pastor asks for my advice, I will say what I think, as truthfully as if I were speaking at the last judgment. I may be mistaken,—in which case, let my error rest with myself,—but I cannot approve of the proposal of this our well-beloved father in God. The king, he says, is a good man. So much the better; it will be proved hereafter. All kings commence well. The last, too, I used to hear my father say, commenced well. As for me, I cannot believe, whoever else does so, that this one does not know

that, for nearly a century, we have been hunted and killed, and our wives and children have been taken from us, on the pretext of converting them. Does not the earth, constantly watered by our blood, cry out unto him night and day? and do not the prison walls resound with our complaints? If he has ever put foot into any of these provinces, sanctified in happier times by the faith of our ancestors, but now ravaged as by fire, has he not felt the ground, hardened by the bones of our martyrs, shake under his feet? Ah! thou who slayest the innocent, or allowest them to be slain, venture not to the place where they have untimely perished; for a gulf is there, into which thou wilt speedily fall, as assuredly as there is One who keeps an account of every crime.

"But if the king does *not* know that we are persecuted in his name, it is because a curtain has always been drawn between him and the truth. And by *whom* has this curtain been drawn, if not by the person nearest to him, and consequently most entitled to his confidence? And when our worthy pastor (may God protect him from all snares) goes to undeceive this

king, who is the dupe of his own greatness, will his testimony, think you, be accepted? No! He will be accused of telling lies. Whoever convicts a king of ignorance, is wanting in respect for him; it is telling him that he fails in his duty, that his eye is not everywhere, as it should be. Now, within the memory of man, such an insult has never gone unpunished. I have read something of history, and have learned thus much from it. Besides, it is useless to say: I will go to the king, and speak to him. He is not, like other people, to be met with either in public or private. A king is a being apart; and therefore preserved from all contact with humanity. He lives in a sort of solitude, called majesty, behind a triple and quadruple rampart of guards, courtiers, bullies, and sentries. A king is the chief prisoner in his own kingdom. No one but a duke, a peer, a lackey, or a gentleman, has the right to accost him. Should, then, our worthy pastor (God protect him) go forth to knock at the king's door, I much fear he would there find some fine *mousquetaire*, who would laugh, and say, 'Who are you? Where do you come from? You

neither carry a sword nor wear a livery. Return to your village, my good man; this palace is no place for such as you.'

"Once a king always a king—or rather there is but one king, who successively takes the different names of Pierre, Paul, Louis, or Henri. When one of these has said, 'Such a thing shall be,' his successor, however far removed, thinks himself bound to respect the order, even should it be an unjust one—from a sense of respect for monarchy, he would say. I have good authority for this, in an excellent book, written by a citizen of Geneva. Well, as we are again, after a short respite, suffering from persecution, let us retire within ourselves as within closed tents, until the storm has passed; our dignity will in future be best preserved by suffering and waiting. And, after all, if I see rightly, we shall not have to wait long. Something tells me that a time of universal reparation is at hand. I shall, doubtless, be laid below the sod before that time comes; but the rising generation will, perhaps, see the day of deliverance, and will bless the memory of the fathers who have transmitted

the holy fire to their sons, through so many dangers and trials."

When the old man ended his address, the pastor called upon another speaker,—

"Jérémie Dusser, are you there?"

"Yes," replied a voice in the assembly.

"You are the youngest in council; give your advice now."

Jérémie Dusser was somewhat of a gentleman by birth; but, instead of taking advantage of his family circumstances, had preferred quietly following what he called the good road, and taking the humble position of a cultivator.

"For my part," he said, "I think the best way of finding out whether the reigning king is, or is not, a well meaning man, is to do as the pastor proposes: go to him straightforwardly, and say respectfully, 'Sire, we are wronged during your reign for so-called crimes, which are no crimes; and we are forced, at the sword's point, to say we believe what we cannot conscientiously believe. *We*, no less than others, are children of one common family; you are our father; act justly to-

wards us, as you would yourself wish to have justice awarded to you hereafter, for it is written: "Whoso taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword."'

"But how to reach the king (the man who is greater than other men, and always hidden in the impenetrable secrecy of his palace) is more than I know; nevertheless, I believe that He who has put it into the heart of the venerable pastor, our master in Israel, to speak to the king, has, at the same time, inclined the king's heart to listen to the truth. Any man who speaks in furtherance of a high purpose, such as liberty of conscience, is the ambassador of the age, and will be backed by the age, in case of need. Besides, royalty is no longer what it was. The throne, not very long ago, was certainly placed at an unapproachable height; but, since then, France has risen, and the distance is singularly lessened. A few more revolutions of the sun will perhaps show us the king and the people passing side by side through the same door.

"Should the king, however, after having heard our humble petition, say,—'I know you not; depart:'

well, so be it; we should have done our duty, and might conscientiously claim our rights. We might then look across the sea and take example from America; and if there is a man in France who will place himself at the head of those whose hearts beat impatiently under servitude, and will lead them on, I say now, beforehand, that I am one of that number. I have done."

"You have spoken spiritedly," replied the pastor, "and Thomas Guerin has spoken wisely; and you have each by your words represented the conflict within my own thoughts. Now, depart in peace all you who have heard what has passed, and pray God to enlighten the soul of your pastor; he needs it."

He blessed the assembled people, who quietly regained their homes. A fearful peal of laughter, however, suddenly issued from within the group still surrounding the stone bench on which the young girl's body had been laid, and a voice exclaimed:—

"Send for the violins; it is time that the ball commenced; this is my wedding-day; I have waited a

long time, but God has married us at last, down there where nothing but the sky is to be seen."

Alas! poor Isaac Volet was maddened by his grief; he laughed and sang alternately, until silenced by some charitable soul, who led him, like a child, to his home. His reason was irrecoverably gone. For years afterwards he might be seen wandering over the country, with the terrible smile of insanity on his face, and accosting every one he met with: "Have you seen my wife? She was by my side a minute ago. I do not know which way she went."

In times of persecution, evil thus engenders evil; the blow by which *one* victim is struck, always overreaches its mark, and successively strikes several others, more or less connected with the first.

On the following morning the pastor found the dragoon awaiting him at the foot of the stairs.

"*Monsieur Jarousseau,*" he said, "my heart is touched by what I saw and heard yesterday. I have not been able to sleep all night, and I still feel my mind troubled. I never knew very well where lay the difference between one religion and another, because

for a soldier all that sort of thing is utterly useless; but I quite understand that the best way of worshipping God, is to do as you do, and speak as you speak. I beg of you, then, to receive me into your Church, and kindly give me confession."

The pastor looked at him and smiled, mentally ejaculating, "Blissful simplicity!" and then said, kindly,—

"My friend, in our faith there is no other confessor than the Living God; address yourself therefore to Him in the secrecy of your heart. After that, come to me; I will tell you what you ought to know before becoming one of His elect."

He inwardly murmured, reflecting on this sudden conversion,—

"There is, then, a time when even brute force bends beneath some secret influence. Here is a happy presage. I will decidedly set off to-morrow."

What then must he have thought, fifteen years later, when he, and all France, heard that a *soldier* had been the first to make an attack on the Bastille?

Though the pastor had said he would depart on the morrow, he doubtless only meant that he would depart soon, for he had many difficult matters to settle before he could go. He looked upon his journey to Paris as a specially religious act, a kind of jubilee, and piously prepared himself for it, by a renewal of good works, as a propitiation of divine favour.

Jacques Boisseau and Jean Mautret had long been at law on the subject of an inheritance. He called them into his room, and placing the open Bible before them, said,—

"My children, give each other the kiss of peace; for if I were to go, leaving discord behind, God would perhaps withdraw the light of His countenance from my paths, because I have the charge of your souls, and am responsible for their being in a state of grace. Embrace each other, then, and be friends, from this time forth."

Grief softens the heart. Jacques Boisseau gave his hand to Jean Mautrel, and they both promised to forget the past.

After this victory in the cause of charity, the pastor spent the next week in fasting, watching, and prayer, in invocations to the Holy Spirit; and the Holy Spirit answered his appeal, by reminding him of the Marquis de Mauroy's letter to Malesherbes, which he had thrown aside, forgotten, into the depths of a drawer. He brought it forth, and carefully placed it in his portfolio. It would serve as his introduction to the minister.

Being convinced that infinite power is given to the Christian whose mind is well regulated, he made a thorough self-examination, during his long communion with Him who trieth the reins and the hearts. He considered each deed of his life, and each omission of his duty as a man, a pastor, a husband, and a father. He spread his whole life before the Lord. He groaned, he wept, he laid a firm hold on repentance (the fire-brand of the Spirit), and courageously applied its flame wherever human weakness lurked. Having done which, he felt ready for death; and added a codicil to his will.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the pastor had thus regulated his conscience, he meditated, with sanctified heart, on the best means of forcing conviction on his majesty's mind, in the discourse he intended holding with him; and he carefully wrote out a memorandum, divided into four heads, like a sermon.

The first head proved that persecution was opposed to the gospel doctrine. It was easily proved. The scriptures abounded with affirmations of the pastor's statement. The rising Church was evidently opposed to persecution, because she had suffered from it.

Under the second head, the pastor showed the injustice of intolerance. The argument, *philosophically* considered, might have had merit; but it certainly lacked cleverness, for, in saying to the governing

power, that its only work was to protect the freedom for which God had created the soul, he was in fact pointing out its duty. Now, royalty has never been willing to submit to such dictation.

Under the third head the pastor proved that persecution was impolitic; this too is proved by history. For, in proscribing a belief, a king heedlessly loses at least a province of his kingdom.

France was more weakened by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in the seventeenth century, than she would have been by the loss of Alsace. The stroke of a pen deprived the country of the *élite* of her industry.

Under the fourth head, he proved that persecution was useless. Here he reminded the king of the remark made by Vauban; that after the massacre of St Bartholomew, Protestantism became doubly powerful; and that though after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the reformed religion had *apparently* disappeared, it had in *reality* doubled its prestige, for human nature ever leans to the side of the victim. Pity is the most effectual preacher of a faith.

To conclude, this memoir was from first to last mercilessly logical, and, as will be seen, he made a mistake in speaking the language of reason: the Holy Spirit had so willed it.

The pastor carefully annotated and corrected his memoir; read it aloud, once and again, imagining himself already in the presence of the king, witnessing the irresistible impression to be produced on his mind. But, alas! meanwhile he was a prisoner on parole in his own house.

He sent a petition to the intendant, begging for the withdrawal of the sentry placed on guard over him.

The intendant smiled at the request, and threw the letter aside. But, on second thoughts, this journey suggested a clever way of quietly ridding the province of a minister of the Gospel. He accordingly sent a passport to Pastor Jarousseau, and at the same time wrote to the *lieutenant de police* at Paris, ordering him to arrest, on the spot, a factious proscribed preacher, who would enter the capital of the eldest son of the Church on horseback; and for his

further guidance, he described the man and the horse.

The *lieutenant de police*, on receiving this notice, immediately warned all the inn-keepers of the city, and its suburbs, to give him speedy notice should a man mounted on a dappled mare, and wearing a broad-brimmed hat, smuggle himself into Paris. Thus did the police manage matters under the *ancien régime*. The apostle of Saintonge had his place prepared in the *Bastille*, before he had even raised his foot to his stirrup.

As soon as Pastor Jarousseau was possessed of his passport, he packed his bag, putting into it, first, the "ark of Israel"—that is to say, his Bible—and then a duplicate copy of his memoir, carefully written on official paper. To this purely spiritual baggage, his wife prudently added a pair of stockings, a dozen biscuits, a goat's milk cheese, a bag of prunes roasted in the oven, a bundle of herbs as a medicine for fever, and another bundle of herbs as a remedy for sick headaches.

A journey to Paris was, in those days, like a jour-

ney to the equator. It was thought necessary to carry a supply of food and of medicine, as if, in leaving one's village, one were going into a land of barbarism.

When on the point of starting, the pastor found he had forgotten an essential point: the funds requisite for his journey. Though he had in former times travelled from Lausanne to La Rochelle, subsisting on chance charity, fasting during half the journey, and as often as not sleeping in the open air, he could not, in conscience, subject Misère to so rigidly economical a system of travelling.

How should he overcome this financial difficulty? We have seen that the yearly income *barely* sufficed for the yearly expenditure in the pastor's household. It would, then, be absolutely necessary to have recourse to a loan, and this, according to the rigorous traditions of the country, was equivalent to bankruptcy. In those days, no philosopher had, as yet, explained the theory of credit, and a loan was looked upon as a loss.

Pastor Jarousseau acted boldly under the humili-

ating circumstances. He went to *Maître Thomas*, the *notary royal* at Saujon, and begged the loan of a sum of money on a mortgage on the Chenaumoine meadow. *Maître Thomas* was a crafty fellow, with a perpetual smile on his face, whose sole care and occupation lay in the multiplying of deeds, for the sake of multiplying fees.

"Can you wait?" he asked the pastor.

He questioned him thus because aware of his impatience to depart.

The pastor shook his head in denial.

"In that case, the promise of a mortgage is not sufficient; I must also have a power of attorney to sell your meadow, in case of need. In this way, I can advance you the sum at once. Should I not find a lender, I shall always be sure of a purchaser; and, by the proceeds of the sale, I shall eventually recover my advance. Do you understand?

The pastor understood that the notary was asking him to anticipate the sale of his farm; and though the terms seemed hard, he agreed without demur.

"Make out the power of attorney," he said to the notary, "and I will sign it."

"No!" replied the notary, "your wife must sign it, not you, for the farm belongs to her; and, moreover, you are not legally her husband."

So the pastor returned in sorrow to Saint-Georges-de-Didonne, taking the power of attorney with him to present to the "*demoiselle*" Anne Lavocat, for her signature. The deed was thus drawn out, as if to revile her in the very flesh of her flesh.

The pastor's wife read the deed of dispossession from beginning to end, then throwing it on the table, exclaimed, in tones that betrayed the intensity of a mother's feelings,—

"Cruel man! it is our children's bread."

A mother is *always* a mother; you may ask her to give up her life—she will yield it, and willingly, for the sake of her faith; but do not attempt to deprive her of what she considers to be her children's food.

The pastor became thoughtful on hearing these grief-stricken exclamations of maternal feeling, and

for the first time in his life he felt doubtful as to his own inspiration.

Without a word, he took the paper from the table, and mounted to his cell,—there, alone with his God, to settle this new question. God alone knows in what words he prayed, or what answer to prayer he received, during those heart-rending moments of impending sacrifice. After this mystic communion with the Eternal Spirit, ever floating around ours to give aid in time of need, he descended again to his wife, and said, authoritatively,—

"Wife! you must sign this; for I have yet other children to feed, with a bread of far greater value than the corruptible bread made from ears of corn."

The pastor's wife now felt that her husband's demand was not to be evaded; therefore, with the pious resignation of a believer in the Bible, she made a formal surrender of a portion of her patrimony; then hid her face in her handkerchief, without another word said. The sacrifice was made.

Thanks to the devotion of Anne Lavocat, as she was styled in the notary's deed, the pastor could at

last depart. He completed the packing of his valise, by putting into it a bag of money, amounting to a hundred *pistoles.*

On the morning of his departure, he assembled his children, and solemnly blessed them. His wife stood apart weeping, and concealing her face with her hand, in the attempt to hide her grief.

"Wife," he said, "do not weep; but rather praise the Lord, in that He hath chosen me from amongst others—*me*, the last of all—to work in His vineyard and bear His message to the man who holds our liberties in his hands."

"May God help you!" she said, turning away.

"God is good," replied the pastor; "He hears your prayer."

A part of the population accompanied him a short distance on his road; and then he put his mare into a trot, and disappeared round a turning of the Belmont wood.

Certainly, according to strict reason, the traveller who has just disappeared behind the trees of the Belmont wood is, to say the *least*, a visionary; rush-

ing forth on the faith of a dream, in pursuit of a chimera. Poor, unknown, proscribed, a simple peasant, or very little more, he leaves the seclusion of his country life, unrecommended and unaided, except by a gentleman's letter, and a written paper, to reclaim liberty of conscience; and from whom? from a king who is still bound, by his coronation oath, to exterminate heresy. He is not a man of note or authority; politically speaking, nobody; and yet, in his obscurity, he dares to resume the work that Voltaire, with his genius, attempted in vain.

There is the man: I deliver him up to you, my readers. You will, very likely, smile at his *naïveté*, and if you have, throughout life, been accustomed to consult *reason* alone, you will be entitled to smile; but, if you have ever known a higher inspiration—faith, or whatever you choose to call it—then you will perceive that this so mysteriously-influenced traveller is far greater than Voltaire; and that, if History should ever, contrary to her wont, understand wherein lies true glory, she would respectfully notice him. He is now preparing the way for the most holy thing

in the world, liberty of conscience. By a sublime instinct, or rather by a ray of heavenly light vouchsafed to him, he is the first to understand that, lowly as is his place in the world, he is, nevertheless, armed with the irresistible power of *right*, which is the living reflection of God on earth; that, therefore, he can speak to the king as equal with him. He is as great, nay, greater than a king; for what is a prince of the earth, unless he upholds the truth? a crowned chance, a magnificent lie. Forward, then, with all boldness, on thy course; thou art entreating for a recognition of rights for an oppressed people, and no course under the sun can be more holy.

What matter should the sacred embassy of justice not at once succeed! should thy words be thrown to the winds, like the voice of the street-crier, without awakening the master from his sleep of injustice! thou wilt have borne the respectful summons of the age; thou wilt have done enough, and mayest retire. The petition will be followed up by futurity. When freedom has spoken *once*, it will speak again. If yesterday there had been but one voice, to-morrow

there will be a million. The ever-varying beauty of this earth may pass away, but truth will remain.

Thou, then, my reader, in whatever station of life fortune has placed thee, believe in the rights of human nature; believe firmly, piously, without hatred, without anger, without resort to violence, for thou alone hast no need of violence, since thou hast taken the pledge of invulnerability. Shouldst thou walk on the waves, they will bear thee up; shouldst thou pass through the fire, thou wilt be unhurt. Thou art from henceforth part of an eternal law, and canst not fall. Justice here below gravitates on an axis more immutable than that of any planet, and before she can sink out of sight, the heavens themselves must fall.

Such were Pastor Jarousseau's thoughts, as he slowly journeyed to Paris. His sense of justice was so profound, that he felt confident of success, in case of obtaining even a momentary hearing from the king. This firm trust is the essence of the heroic character. At that very time it was raising a simple American planter to the highest rank of

humanity. When viewed in this light, Pastor Jarousseau and Washington are equally great in the sight of God, for they held the same views. They differed only in their field of action.

The voice of the age which had said to the one: "Arise, and found a Republic," had said to the other: "Go forth, and lay at the foot of the throne, the first appeal for Liberty of Conscience." Each was impelled onward, through the unknown dangers of his course, by a force that was irresistible. Neither for a moment doubted or wavered. This is the true indication of greatness of soul. Mistrust shows weakness. Although *one* hour may be lost, the future is still ours.

The pastor never for one moment, during his journey, hesitated as to his line of conduct. A prophetic voice within his soul seemed to say: "Do your work, it will be carried on by posterity; and should you, an unknown pastor, lay down your life now, you will hereafter arise a Mirabeau."

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN out of sight of the steeple of Saint-Pierre, the pastor checked his horse's trot into a very leisurely walk. Deep in thought, he let the reins hang loose on Misère's neck, as if entrusting her with the direction of the journey. Truly, there was wisdom in this proceeding, for Misère had retained the excellent habit (acquired during her companionship with the pedlar), of stopping at every inn-door. Had it not been for this precaution, the pastor, absorbed in meditation, and occupied in reconsidering the arguments and the logical contexture of his memoir, would very likely have taken no breakfast, dined on his thoughts, and slept, under God's care, on the high road.

Fortunately, his beast thought for him, both at

meal-time and bed-time. But, at last (though I would not calumniate so respectable an animal by charging her with indiscretion), there is no denying that she over-acted her part. What else could be expected? If the flesh is weak in man, it may well be so, from a spirit of imitation, in a horse.

Misère took, indeed, undue advantage of the liberty accorded to her, in the matter of halting-places. Every time she saw a bush suspended over the road (the indication of a public-house), she stopped, and while she cooled herself in the shade, the pastor dined, never suspecting that he had already, and more than once, partaken of that meal. However, with his hygienic axiom of the importance of rising from table with an appetite, he might with impunity have dined all day long.

Thanks to these repeated stoppages, Misère scarcely accomplished a distance of between four or five leagues a day; but this abuse of confidence (for such we must call it), did not for a moment ruffle the pastor's serenity. Like all meditative men, he liked slowness. Besides, his whole soul was given up to

thoughts of the glorious evangelical battle he was about to wage; he could think of nothing else. Now and then he indulged in romantic imaginings of his reception by the king in his palace, how his heart would be touched, and how he would hold out his hand and say, with a gracious smile, "Arise, Pastor Jarousseau, your request is granted."

It seemed to him as if all nature participated in his illusion; he looked joyously at the trees on the road-side, and at the little birds blown by the wind, as it were, from one tuft of thistles to another, and spoke to them thus: "Did you not hear him say, Arise, Pastor Jarousseau?" There is always in the heart of a believer, even one of the most energetic type, an indescribably charming vein of childishness, a remnant, as it were, of the purity of a fresh creation.

Beyond this he remarked nothing, passing through town and country with equal indifference, taking no more notice of the people than of their buildings. A quarter of an hour after leaving a town, he might have searched his memory in vain for the name of that

town. He only noticed the beggars, and so regardless was he of the value of money, that he as frequently gave them a crown piece as a copper coin; consequently, what with his frequent halts for refreshment, and his alms-givings, by the time he reached Paris his money-bag was considerably lightened.

After a month's journeying he arrived at last, at the close of day, at the *Barrière d'Enfer.* The proximity of the modern Babylon, no doubt, roused him from his dreams, for he resumed his initiatory rights over his steed. Misère had, ere this, made choice of an inn on the outskirts of the suburb of Montrouge, but the pastor giving her a friendly touch on the flank with his heel, accompanied by an imperative "*Allons!*" (the formula for great occasions), Misère, laying her ears back in astonishment, had pursued her career. She had, indeed, some reason to be surprised at a change of politics, which seemed, to her, so like an act of insubordination.

Nevertheless, the pastor meant well in the present

usurpation of Misère's hitherto inviolable liberty. On arriving at the environs of Paris, he had thus reasoned within himself: "This city is as large as a province; if I take up my quarters in a suburb, I shall have a long journey every day,—there and back. Prudence then suggests that, in order to economise time, I should choose a lodging in the most central part of the city." No doubt this plan, humanly speaking, was an eminently wise one; such as is adopted by all country solicitors. But it had been decreed that, whenever the pastor guided himself by reason, he should fall into trouble.

Having thus decided, he resolutely threaded the *Rue d'Enfer*, skirted the wall of the *Luxembourg*, descended the *Rue de la Harpe*, crossed the Seine, and entered the long gloomy gallery, still called the *Rue Saint-Denis;* where, even in midsummer, mud covers the ground. The position, he thought, appeared sufficiently central. He next searched for an inn; but, in whatever direction he looked, no hospitably floating sign, either of Golden Crown, Silver Cross, Bell, or Lion, was visible. It really

seemed as if the capital of the civilised world failed in the first duties of politeness towards strangers.

Night had fairly set in. The pastor dismounted; and, leading his mare by the bridle, wandered hither and thither at random, reconnoitring in all directions; but nowhere could he discover that gracious invitation to travellers, "Lodging here for man and beast." The poor fellow was unaware, in his apostolic simplicity, that the Paris police had long ago suppressed the swinging sign as a precautionary measure. As for Misère, she followed her master with an air of triumph in his defeat, which evidently meant that, had the pastor but continued in the observance of the terms agreed on between them, and consulted his beast instead of consulting his reason, he would, by this time, have been eating his dinner, and Misère, consequently, enjoying her oats.

The pastor might, of course, have got out of his difficulty by asking the first person he met to direct him to the nearest inn; but his lips were sealed by

the fear of being taken for a country bumpkin just arrived from the provinces. However, after having wandered indefinitely from street to street, he, at last, thoroughly tired, cast aside all respect for human nature, and accosted a passer-by, who appeared to him honest—for what *we* should have thought the rather suspicious fact, that he wore a sword, nankeen breeches, ruffled sleeves, and clocked silk stockings; the complete costume, in short, of a youth of good family.

"*Monsieur*," he said, "could you direct me to an inn?"

The passer-by was apparently surprised at this question; but his surprise soon gave place to another feeling. "Here, assuredly," he thought, "is the *flower* of provincials; and, since Providence has thought fit to place him in my path, I will turn him to account."

"There is an inn a step or two from here," he answered; "and, if you will kindly allow me, I will lead your horse to the stable."

The officious *cicerone* seized Misère's bridle.

The pastor vied with him in politeness.

"I cannot permit it, monsieur."

"Do not mention it," said the other.

"It would really be taking advantage of your kindness."

"By no means, monsieur; I am the innkeeper's brother."

"That alters the case, then," replied the pastor, vanquished by this last consideration.

He gave up his mare's bridle to the brother of the innkeeper, so opportunely met with, in so convenient a spot for extricating him from his difficulties.

He followed him at the distance of a few paces. The night was dark, the street deserted; the lamps, placed far apart for economy's sake, threw feeble rays of light here and there on the pavement; when suddenly, at a turn of the street, the obliging stranger passed round to the left of Misère, as if to raise the stirrup, bounded on to the saddle, and drew his sword.

At this sudden attack on her person, Misère stepped back with dignified modesty, but the next moment

gave a shrill neigh of pain, and started off at a gallop.

The pastor, astounded at such treachery, stood motionless with outstretched arm, stammering incoherently, and gazing with pious horror at the sparks struck from the stones by the hoofs of his luckless companion, as they receded further and further from him, and disappeared at the next cross-road, where the form of the ravisher and his prey were lost to view in an impenetrable labyrinth. The pastor had lost his mare, his valise, his memoir, his *tisane* for sick head-ache, his *tisane* for fever; and to conclude, he had lost, what was more important than all, the remainder of his money.

And yet his first thought under these circumstances was a kind thought. He wondered how it came to pass that Misère, who never galloped but in a moment of heroism, could have consented to gallop now, when there was evidently no glory to be gained by the increase of speed.

"That man must have inflicted some cruelty on her," he thought.

This notion cost him a sigh, and brought the tears to his eyes. But, with the inveterate habit of illusion which formed the basis of his essentially optimist character, he was soon able to repress such signs of weakness.

"After all," he murmured, "Christian charity forbids us to suspect evil before it is proved. That gentleman is perhaps a jester who wished to amuse himself with my simplicity, and will soon come back to return me my horse."

He waited for an hour in this hope of the fugitive's return, but after having listened in vain for the slightest echo of any sound in the distance indicative of Misère, he concluded that the poor animal was definitely gone into a land of captivity.

"God gave her," he said, in the bitterness of his grief; "God has taken her from me; blessed be the Lord."

In after times he confessed, with shame, to having felt so heart-broken that evening at this separation, that his usual saying, "God is good," would not, spite of his efforts, rise to his lips. And yet, as we shall see

hereafter, seldom had God's goodness towards him been so signally proved as on this occasion.

But, owing to his religious conviction that prolonged grief is a species of impiety towards the Lord, who sends trials in order to purify the souls of men, as He sends lightning to purify the air, he resumed the serenity of Christian philosophy.

"Now that I am a pedestrian, I can lodge anywhere; this much, at least, I gain by having been robbed."

Reflecting thus as he wandered on in the dark, he saw in a window an illuminated transparency, bearing the inscription, "Lodgings for the night," and under this, "*Hôtel de la Providence.*"

He knocked at the door of this unexpected place of shelter, which indeed looked more like a cabin than a hotel. But in the pastor's then state of body and mind, it was easy for him to trust to the inscription on the transparency. His countenance, no doubt was a letter of recommendation to the hotel-keeper, who charitably gave him the best room in the establishment—a narrow garret at the top of the house,

among the stars—furnished in Spartan style with a folding bed, a chair, a broken jug, and a table.

The pastor threw himself without undressing on the bed, and slept profoundly.

CHAPTER XIV.

EARLY the next morning he re-wrote the memoir which had been carried off with Misère on the preceding night, arranging his arguments for liberty of conscience in the same order as before; after which, he wrote to Malesherbes a simple touching letter, expressing the natural feelings of a sympathetic heart, overflowing with pity and grief—a letter such as one good man would write to another. It had all the eloquence of truth. In it he enclosed the Marquis de Mauroy's letter of recommendation, sealed the packet, took the precaution of posting it himself, and then luxuriated in the consciousness of a good deed accomplished. Next, he thought it would be desirable to ascertain what property he had remaining from the previous night's robbery; and having searched his pockets, found

only his watch, a six livres piece, and some small coins. He must now fare like the sparrows, a pensioner on Providence; but his destitution did not much trouble him, he was accustomed to it. To-morrow he should receive Malesherbes' reply, which would end his troubles.

To-morrow, with hope deferred, dragged out its weary length, and the pastor received no answer from Malesherbes, nor yet on the next day, nor throughout the week. The six livres piece disappeared sooner than it need have done, but for the pastor's almost mechanical habit of drawing from his pocket the first coin, copper or silver, that came to hand, to give to a passing beggar. He had thus disposed of his last coin.

Seeing no prospect of receiving an answer to his letter, the pastor went to Malesherbes' house in Paris, thinking that he resided there; but the unhappy man did not know that a king's minister always lives at Versailles, and only goes to Paris on Thursday afternoons, to hold his receptions. So another week of waiting, or rather of suffering, was before him, owing

to the financial crisis in which he was so unfortunately placed. However, he bore the trial calmly, looking upon it as an additional exercise of patience. He sold his watch, which, since his childhood, had been the faithful confidant of his thoughts, the vigilant sentinel of his hours of study; and, with the price of this portion of *himself*, he courageously awaited the Thursday of deliverance which, by God's justice, he hoped would indemnify him a thousand-fold for all his losses and sufferings.

On the said day, the pastor went again to Malesherbe's house, gave his name to the porter, and was fortunate enough to make his way at once, through the crowd in the antechamber, to the minister's room.

The philosophic minister stood leaning against the window-frame; he was attired in a chestnut-coloured coat, with large pockets and gold buttons; his shirt frill was besmeared with snuff, and his round wig awry. Our apostle augured well from this first aspect of Malesherbes, and felt that, to some extent, in the matter of dress, they were akin.

"*Eh, parbleu! Monsieur le Pasteur,*" said Malesherbes, on seeing him, "I have been seeking you everywhere. You forgot to give me your address."

The pastor, indeed, had never suspected it could be customary to write at the end of a letter, beneath one's name, such superfluous words as, *Hôtel de Providence, rue Sainte Avoye.*

"No matter," resumed the minister, "since I now have the pleasure of seeing you, I must tell you that the letter, or rather the epistle you have written me, is worthy of the early days of Christianity. I have spoken of it to Turgot; and, according to your request, have shown it to his majesty, who has been graciously pleased to write *this* on the margin."

Malesherbes held the letter towards the pastor, who read the following words, written by the hand of royalty: "*See this man, and bring him to me.*"

The invitation might certainly have been more politely worded; but such as it was, the pastor received it joyfully, and as an earnest of deliverance.

"I am ready to follow you," he said.

"To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, my carriage will await you here. You have, of course, a dress?"

"A dress!" replied the pastor, drawing back from his chest two camlet lappels adorned with steel buttons. "Well, I have *this;* the most respectable dress I have ever worn."

Malesherbes smiled.

"Indeed, I find your dress thoroughly respectable, but etiquette requires that on being presented to the king, you should wear the official dress of the *tiers état*—coat, waistcoat, and breeches of black satin, and a steel-hilted sword."

The pastor shuddered at this unexpected revelation of fresh difficulties.

"Alas! *Monsieur le Ministre,* I have not the means of purchasing such a costume."

He recounted to Malesherbes the misfortune that had befallen him in the streets.

Malesherbes, meanwhile, had gone to his desk, written a few lines, and then rung his bell.

The porter entered.

"This is for M. Lenoir," he said, giving him a

sealed note, "but first take monsieur to the court tailor, and beg him to supply him, at my expense, with a complete dress suit of the *tiers état.*

The church clock of the *Theatins* had barely struck eight, when Pastor Jarousseau, muffled in the disguise of the *tiers état*, and (alas! for one of his calling) wearing a sword slung across his person, found himself in a carriage by the side of Malesherbes, galloping over the Versailles road, with a thundering accompaniment of whip cracking. Never had the modest servant of the Church made so much noise, or raised so much dust, in his course. Borne along as by a whirlwind, he was endeavouring to realise his personal identity; and after having dreamed nearly all his life, he now believed himself to be dreaming for the first time.

But with a strong effort, he recalled his thoughts to the calm consideration of his true position. He would have walked over red-hot coals in testimony of his faith, for he had a martyr's spirit, and, moreover, the conviction that he was about to deliver a summons from the Living God to a man of flesh and

blood like himself, though dwelling in a palace; and yet, when he entered the avenue at Versailles, a momentary fear overcame him (in after days he spoke of it as his temptation in the garden of Olives). He was about to enter that marvel of cut stone, a vague rumour of which had reached him on the cliffs of his native village, representing it as vast and dazzling, covered with plates of gold, like Solomon's temple, surrounded by terraces, flights of steps, statues, and aquatic volcanoes throwing up streams of water, and receiving them again, in cataracts, into their deep basins.

He imagined himself, humble and trembling, in a vast hall larger than the shore of Saint-Georges; in presence of a majestic, embroidery-covered, proud king, with mien as elevated as his power, surrounded by a dazzling crowd of courtiers—powdered and spangled marquises, beautiful ladies, bare-shouldered, painted and patched duchesses—all ready to laugh behind their fans, and even to his face, at his timidity or awkwardness; and the fear of this laughter humbled him to the depths of his soul; not, God be praised, for

his own sake—his vanity lay not there—but for the sake of the grand cause of liberty, which he was about to defend on the very spot where, a hundred years before, *Père Letellier*, of infamous memory, had been the first to give the signal from a window for persecution, his own consecrated hand thus dealing death on the flower of the kingdom. In imagining the scene about to be enacted between a King of France and a simple preacher of Saintonge, he grew uneasy; and the methodically and cleverly-arranged sentences of his memoir already floated confusedly through his brain. Perhaps the power of speech would fail him. The supposition terrified him.

If he had only retained his ordinary dress, his camlet coat, his blue and red striped waiscoat; in short, his personality evidenced by appropriate garments of his own choosing! But with this satin dress, and this monstrous sword—abomination of abomination! (for he had paid dearly for the right of looking with horror upon bloodshed)—he was *another* man, a hired man, a man hired at a shop, destitute, helpless, degraded in his humanity, marked as cattle

are; he himself had disappeared; he was replaced by a uniform. When a man puts on any unusual dress, he at the same time assumes a certain correspondent state of mind, owing to some mysterious harmony between matter and spirit.

"Ah!" murmured the pastor, "there is a deeper meaning in kingly etiquette than I had imagined."

The carriage rolled rapidly across the large court of the palace, and stopped at the end of a lane that led to a quiet private entrance, where was neither sentry-box nor sentry. Malesherbes opened the door, closed it again behind the pastor, and they both silently ascended a back staircase which led to an antechamber, where, instead of a chamberlain, they found a man who looked somewhat like a peasant, with smooth straight hair, wearing a round jacket, and hob-nailed shoes with pewter buckles,—who also, doubtless, wished for an audience of the king, and, to wile away the time, was tracing mystic geometric figures on the floor with the end of a stick. Malesherbes pressed the hand of the rustic Archimedes in passing, and signing to the pastor to wait

for him, he touched a knob concealed in the woodwork, and opened a door which communicated with another staircase.

On any other occasion the pastor would have remarked with surprise this hand-pressure between a minister and a man who, to judge by appearances, and without meaning any disparagement, he supposed, at the very highest, might be the gardener at the château. But he had exhausted the chapter of surprises. He was, moreover, glad to have this momentary *tête-à-tête* with a man of his own stamp—a man of the people—in order to recover his self-possession. He began by laying aside his sword, which burdened him like a prevarication in one of his profession; he unbuttoned his coat, and opened his vest.

"I breathe!" he murmured, with a feeling of relief. And he proceeded to inspect the antechamber.

The palace of King Solomon, it must be owned, was not particularly imposing at a first glance. This antechamber was simply adorned with a bench and

white-painted walls, unrelieved by either bordering or gilding. On the panels were placed, at the height of a man's head, large boards divided into columns, and covered with writing. The pastor endeavoured to decipher some of these columns, but in vain; his eye wandered from one to the other, he could not penetrate the mystery. The first column contained the following words: VERSAILLES, SÉNART, FONTAINEBLEAU, RAMBOUILLET, MARLY, ST GERMAIN; in the second column were: January, February, March, April—in short, all the months; in the third column was a natural history nomenclature: hares, partridges, pheasants, deer, stags, wild boar; the fourth column contained figures ended by a sum total. These boards were evidently not almanacs, for, as yet, no such signs of the zodiac as Fontainebleau and Marly had been known; nor yet could they be intended to give a census of the game in the royal forests, for under the head of Fontainebleau only one rabbit was entered. Impossible that there should be but one single rabbit in a forest! Why, also, should it be there only in the month of March?

The question was unanswerable; the pastor betrayed, doubtless, by the shrug of his shoulders, that he found it so.

The man in the brown jacket charitably came forward to enlighten him.

"You do not understand this jugglery," he said, with a slightly foreign accent. "Well! it will help you to know that those are the grand chronicles of the royal hunts. The king orders a yearly record to be kept, for the information of his descendants, of the number of wild boars and hares he kills. These have been four glorious years, you perceive."

At this moment, the pastor felt the floor suddenly shake under his feet, and heard a noise, now loud and now subdued, like the striking of a hammer on an anvil, and which seemed to proceed from an upper story.

"Is there a forge here?" he asked, with the air of a man who thinks he has, in this instance at least, every right to be surprised.

"You may easily, with the aid of a little mythology, believe yourself approaching Mount Olympus, and

that you hear Vulcan forging the bolts of Jupiter; but I must tell you the simple truth; you hear Gamin at his anvil.

"Gamin?" the pastor mechanically repeated, in a stupor of astonishment; for he did not understand what a man of the name of Gamin could have to do in this palace.

"Yes! the king's instructor; and, by the by, he treats his scholar somewhat roughly. But hush! I hear Duret coming."

Duret was the king's valet-de-chambre. He conducted the two visitors into an apartment, which, in its incongruous adornments and confusion of furniture, resembled an auctioneer's appraising room. Though the walls were ornamented with gilding, and with mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling, the mirrors were covered with sheets of paper, and water colour drawings of plans and hydraulic machines; here, a drawing of the Cherbourg pier; there, another of the Bourgogne canal. A gigantic globe occupied the centre of the room; and around the globe, spread in confusion over the carpet, were some editions of

"*Didot,*" half-detached from their leathern bindings; geographical maps, telescopes, locks, cups and balls, nut-crackers, squills, and a large collection of *chefs-d'œuvre* of the turner's art. A quarter of an hour had passed, while the pastor was examining this valuable collection of toys, when Duret solemnly exclaimed,—

"Gentlemen! the king!"

And, in truth, there entered by a side door a man, who was followed by Monsieur Malesherbes. He turned his head quickly to the right, towards the pastor.

"Monsieur Jarousseau, good day!"

The pastor bent low.

The king, with the same quickness of movement as before, turned his head to the left.

"Good morning, doctor."

The man in the brown jacket also bent low.

"He whom I supposed to be the gardener," thought the good man Jarousseau, glancing towards the unknown, "is most likely his majesty's physician."

The king had taken his stand in front of the mantel-piece, with legs astride, balancing himself first on one, and then on the other; as if Providence wished thus to transcribe, in some measure, on his bodily form, the perpetual oscillations of his soul. There was a moment's silence; the king, visibly embarrassed, tried to commence the conversation, and while awaiting the moment of inspiration, was awkwardly pulling down his sleeve cuffs, which had been turned back for some workman-like occupation. The pastor, therefore, could unobserved gaze on the regal majesty, which, in Biblical visions, had often appeared to him as the terrestrial reflection of divinity.

CHAPTER XV.

LOUIS XVI. was a voluminous king, and it was evident that, in creating him, nature had not been sparing of matter. He wore on this occasion a peach-coloured coat, of a hue between dirty white and faded pink, embroidered with blue silk on the collar, and round each button-hole; an unpowdered wig, terminated by a half-detached "*queue;*" a pair of crumpled and smoke-stained ruffles.

At sight of so slovenly a monarch an evil thought passed through the pastor's mind. He suspected Malesherbes of a wish to mystify him, by taking him into the room of some workman connected with the château, so he resolved to accept the man standing before the mantle-piece merely as the temporary representative of the king, and to use the privileges resulting therefrom. ..

Louis XVI., after a long struggle in silence against his shyness, at last spoke.

"Monsieur Jarousseau," what request have you to make?" he said, in a tone of extreme weariness.

"Sire, I come to lay at your majesty's feet the prayers of the Protestants of Saint-Georges-de-Didonne, your faithful subjects of Saintonge; and to say, with all due respect to those whom God has placed in authority over us: firstly, that religious persecution is contrary to Scripture; secondly, that it is unjust; thirdly, that it is impolitic."

"And fourthly," interrupted Lous XVI. (who strove to infuse firmness into his *rôle* of king by tension of will, and who, by the very effort of this tension, generally went beyond the mark), "that my ancestors and I, from father to son, have blindly pursued a wrong course, without perceiving its results. I know, beforehand, what homily you are about to deliver me, *Monsieur le Pasteur*, for it has been incessantly dinned in my ears. I have read your letter; and before that, a heap of memoirs on

this eternal subject; and, I must say, am not much impressed, either by your reasonings, or those of your allies, the philosophers. I have sworn to put down heresy: I will keep my word. I will, above all things have tranquillity in my kingdom. I have but to restore to you your churches, and your public worship, and give you, consequently, besides liberty of conscience, the equally sacred gift of liberty of thought; and, in these times of spreading impiety and disturbance of mind, when all men are seeking for change, ruined France would soon see a stranger in the place of the throne of Saint Louis. It is not possible to worship two Christs here; for I must account, before God, for the strict preservation of the faith confided to me. Is there, then, so great a difficulty in going to mass, and praying as our fathers have done for the last eighteen hundred years? I myself go to mass."

This abrupt commencement of the conference quite disheartened the pastor. For a moment he stood as if petrified, without a word to say; the well-arranged speech had flown from his memory.

"The Holy Spirit," he thought, "abandons me, as a punishment, doubtless, for having trusted to reason."

His heart sank within him at the thought, and passed into the absorption of supreme invocation in prayer. He felt as if the life and death of his fellow-believers now trembled in the balance.

"What, in fact, do the Protestants desire of me?" resumed Louis XVI., with renewed animation. "They complain, and the philosophers also complain, of being oppressed. My frontiers are no longer guarded; they may go where they will to drink of their cup, and eat their consecrated bread, in honour of Calvin; and take with them their wives and children, their Bibles and their property. Let them depart if France does not suit them. The way is open. Who keeps them back? But they prefer being factious in feeling, if not in deed, and filling the country with their lamentations. Very well," he added, with raised voice, "I will allow no rebels in my kingdom. Mark my words! And were I now to fulfil my duty, as the eldest son of the Church, and in observance of

my coronation oath, I should send you to the *Place de Grève,* for having infringed my orders. What would you do then? Come, answer!"

The pastor stretched out his arm towards his neighbour.

"Feel my pulse, doctor, and tell the king whether it is quickened."

Then, looking at Louis XVI. with a serene dignity of expression, which seemed to change the position of royalty, enthroning it within himself:—

"I would wait death, sire, as calmly as I now stand here; and I would go to await you there above."

He thought a slight smile passed over the doctor's face at these words. The idea of a probable mystification again involuntarily occurred to him; and, gazing in Louis the Sixteenth's face, he added,—

"You are not the king; the king would not have spoken thus."

A lightning glance shot from Louis the Sixteenth's eye, and died away instantly into an expression of

resigned melancholy, which looked like a confirmation of the pastor's words; but the next moment, raising his head, and growing in height with the mysterious dignity of a dynasty of kings.

"Explain yourself!" he exclaimed, with the elevation of feeling suitable to the descendant of a royal line shining forth in his whole bearing.

The pastor could no longer be deceived regarding him; and, summoning the forces of his soul, and calling to mind all the virtuous deeds of his life, as if to strengthen himself anew by the recollection, he said,—

"Sire, every night and morning I make my children kneel (for, by the Lord's blessing, I have six of them, growing up for your majesty's service), and I say to them: 'Pray for our king, who is the father of his people; he is good, he is just; he will be, to his children, a sword of predilection, and not a sword of anger; and God will open his heart towards the poor sheep who are being killed in his name; and whom, in his goodness and justice, he cannot will should be killed. Say together, my children (for an especial

holiness lies in words proceeding from your lips), say: Lord of heaven, lay Thy hand on the head of our king, Thy Spirit in his heart; lead this shepherd of men to glory, both here and hereafter. Penetrate him with Thy love, gladden him with Thy mercy, enfold him in Thy favour as in a mantle of grace; for Thou alone, O great Judge of our souls, knowest Thine own, and of what they are made!' And the children have prayed with clasped hands, and their prayers, like all others, have reached their goal; for, like the stars, they all have their appointed course through the heavens; and God has, even now, touched the king's heart, and spoken to him in words of which the sound does not die away, but rests so deep within the soul, and so sure, that, at every good deed accomplished, the heaven-sent message is renewed. Yes, sire, God has said, to this ruler over a portion of the world: Thou hast a million of subjects—thy children and Mine; they are humble-minded, laborious, faithful, and pious; they lead a life of austerity, and ask nothing but the permission to be what they are, and to thank Me for it publicly—Me, the God

of all, who commits His vengeance and His anger to none."

The pastor knelt.

"Ah, sire! help me to find *my* king—the king whom I have learned in the desert to love, and not the one whom I have just heard, and whom, it was not surprising, was it, that I did not recognise? I have never bent thus before any living man; forgive me, it is not from pride, it is simply from respect to Him who alone has a right to our bended knees. But now I kneel, here, in the dust, to which we shall all return, to conjure you not to repress the feelings of your heart, which naturally incline to justice, for I see by your emotion that the merciful God smiles encouragingly on me. Give way, then, to the holy, Christ-like feeling; and your name, I swear, shall be great amongst Christians."

The king, gradually won by this heartfelt eloquence, which, overleaping the bounds of etiquette, authoritatively surprised him, as it were, into goodness, strove in vain to master his emotion; his colour went and came, although, from his prejudices of education or

of nature, perhaps of both, he believed all show of feeling to be a diminution of royal dignity, and thought that a king is most king-like when least human, and when his unalterable countenance shows no signs of emotion that can be read by the crowd of humbler mortals; otherwise, he would run the risk of being confounded with the rest of the species, and weighed in the same balance.

"*Monsieur le Pasteur Jarousseau,*" he said, in tones of prophetic sadness; "arise, the time is at hand, when kings will no longer be addressed on bended knees."

Then, as if thinking aloud, he complained somewhat bitterly of his hard fate.

"What do people require of me; and why do they come thus, from all parts, to importune me, here, in my place of daily refuge from the wearisome world, where, tired of walking phantom-like in some prodigious dream, I stealthily retreat, to *live* for a time, in my turn? They know, or at all events, they say, that I have a heart."

And he placed his hand on his breast.

"Also, they make no scruple in appealing to it. They come from their remote provinces, to ask, unhesitatingly, for liberty of conscience, as if I, a son of Saint Louis, bearing the finger-mark of the Church on my forehead, therefore bound to defend it, could nevertheless make a compact with heresy, to act in opposition to my oath, and set up altar against altar in my kingdom. Nor is this all; I shall perhaps be asked presently to lend a fleet or an army for an insurrection—one of the worst kind, a republican insurrection—and I, the representative of eight centuries of kings—a royalist by nature—am expected to point out to my people, how, at some future time, they may attain to republicanism, by means of a bloody revolution. I am too soft-hearted for such work, and you will see, Monsieur de Malesherbes, that I shall perish in it, dragging you down with me in my fall, philosopher though you are."

Thus saying, he raised his eyes towards a portrait of Charles I., suspended against the wall, and contemplated it thoughtfully for a moment.

A profound silence ensued on this melancholy

avowal of helplessness, doubly melancholy from the lips of royalty. The hammering in the room above was heard, becoming gradually louder and quicker.

"Do you hear?" resumed the king, aroused from his meditation by the harsh sounds. "Up there is a workman, the best of his class, whose sole business is with iron, which he shapes and finishes as he wills; and when his work is done, enjoys himself, and sleeps in peace, for no minute of his day has or could have caused a tear even to a child."

Then, as if fearing to carry the comparison any further, he abruptly added,—

"*Monsieur Jarousseau*, you may retire; my orders shall be delivered to you to-morrow."

The pastor bowed, and retired towards the antechamber. But within the last hour, he could not but believe that the room in which a humble exile had been honoured by speech with a king must have been transformed by some sudden stroke of magic, for in the place where had been the door by which he had entered, he found an enormous mirror that reached uninterruptedly from floor to ceiling; and as

he approached towards the wall, he saw in the mirror a man advancing to meet him, who also wore the dress of the *tiers état*—coat, waistcoat, and breeches of black satin—and in contemplating from head to foot this strange figure, who seemed embarrassed by his sword, and who opened his mouth and rolled his eyes in bewilderment, the pastor retreated from his own reflexion as from a stranger; so doubtful was he for the moment of the reality of his existence.

"For indeed," he said, raising his hand to his forehead, and anxiously striving to collect his scattered ideas, "I came in there; a door was there; I saw it; I touched it. Some invisible being must surely have charmed it away."

To add to the pastor's distress, this portion of the room was screened by the immense globe, so that neither the minister or the man with the brown jacket, who had both remained in conference with the king, could see his bewilderment, and come to his aid. He therefore, against his will, heard the ensuing conversation.

"*Monsieur l'Ambassadeur,*" said Louis XVI., "pray be brief in what you have to say; the conversation has already been too prolonged, and I am wanted, I believe."

And, in fact, a door at the end of the room was partially opened as he spoke; and a man's head advanced, a smoke-begrimed countenance, surmounted by a cap.

"*La France,*" he said, addressing Louis XVI., "the iron is heating."

It was the king's own wish to adopt this *nom de guerre* when in company with Gamin, in order to be more on a level with the workman.

The head vanished, and the door noiselessly closed on the strange apparition.

"Monsieur l'Ambassadeur!" mentally ejaculated Pastor Jarousseau. "First a gardener, then a doctor, now risen a grade higher, and suddenly become an ambassador! Can it be that king, ambassador, and all the world has degenerated, or is disguised as at a masqued ball? But there must surely be some mystery in this universal disguisement. Suppose I

were to overhear some state secret, and be taken up as a spy!"

He coughed lightly to give notice of his presence, but nobody seemed to hear him.

"Sire," replied the man in the brown jacket, "I have no communication to make."

"Then why are you here?"

"To remind your majesty of the promise graciously given me two months ago, to send——"

"A fleet," interrupted the king, sharply, "and, moreover, a body of troops; but the subject requires consideration. You must make arrangements regarding it with my Minister for Foreign Affairs; but privately, I hope, and not at the minister's official residence."

He put his finger on his lips.

"*Adieu, monsieur.*"

Louis XVI. departed to the upper stories of the palace, to rejoin the plebeian figure who had just called him back to work. The minister and the ambassador, on the other hand, returned towards the antechamber, and perceived the pastor still

standing motionless and lost in astonishment, opposite the enchanted wall, and his own image.

"The door is no longer here, messieurs!" he exclaimed, on seeing their approach.

Malesherbes smiled at the apostle's simplicity, touched the panel, and the mirror revolved, giving, in its movement, confused reflections of the furniture; one article tumbling over the other, until, instead of his own image, the pastor saw a space representing a door-way, and promising deliverance into an antechamber, the walls of which were illustrated by the king's victories over the rabbits in his forests.

"I should never have guessed that," he meekly observed, "for in my part of the world I had always thought a mirror only made for helping one to put on one's cravat."

"And you thought right," remarked the man in the brown jacket; "for this fashion of turning a mirror into a door is a ridiculous one, confusing all the lines of a room, as well as the ideas of a spectator, either in entering or departing. However, I congratulate my-

self on the incident, as it has given me an opportunity of clasping your hand, for we are fellow-workers, as I have just heard."

"You are a pastor also?" asked the good man Jarousseau, beginning to look for, and believe, as a matter of course, in the endless metamorphoses of the mysterious stranger.

"Not exactly; I am the missionary of political liberty, as you are of religious liberty."

"And your name?"

"Benjamin Franklin."

At this name the pastor raised his arms towards heaven.

"Now, Lord, may Thy servant depart in peace; mine eyes have seen, my hands have touched, the prophet of a new land of promise. We are not only fellow-workers; we are brethren. Let us therefore embrace each other, in the name of our Father, the God of liberty."

They threw their arms around each other, and as did the twelve apostles, before departing to spread the Gospel over the world, they exchanged a holy kiss.

Malesherbes was touched, though philosophically suppressing all outward signs of emotion, as he contemplated the fraternal union between these two men, now met from opposite quarters of the globe, where the wide sea had separated them.

"My friends," he said, "I cannot join in your embrace, as my testimony to the truth; I was born too soon, and in a camp which honour forbids me to quit. I can only welcome liberty from afar, and by a clasp of the hand; but I shall ever love and bless it, even should I, as is most probable, be destined to die for and by it. *O utinam ex vobis unus, &c.* You, doubtless, know Virgil's Latin, Monsieur Jarousseau?"

The pastor shook his head.

"You do, Monsieur Franklin?"

"But slightly."

"Well! Would to God that my lot had been cast with yours! I should have led the same flock, and worked in the same vineyard. But let us leave the future, and think of the present. You will breakfast with me, will you not, Monsieur Jarousseau? I keep you for the rest of the day, and you will have time to

examine Versailles, the gigantic tomb of monarchy, as I very much fear it will become. Heaven forbid I should prove a prophet; but under each monument here that has absorbed the revenues of a people to gratify the caprice of an individual, there lurks a revolution. Luther's revolution lay hidden amongst the foundations of St Peter's at Rome; and the papacy has paid the price of the Reformation for the sake of an architectural whim."

Malesherbes parted from his guests at the foot of the stairs, and returned to his rooms.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHILE awaiting the breakfast hour, Franklin led Pastor Jarousseau to the garden terrace.

"What do you think of this?" he said, turning towards the château.

"I think it is rather a fine street front."

"So thought also Peter the Great. Only, on seeing so meagre a front with such an immense spread of wings, he said, 'That is the body of a pigeon, with the wings of a vulture.'"

"How is it," asked the pastor, "that the king, in possession of a house as large as a town, with rooms as long as market places, nevertheless inhabits only a small corner of the château, and a room furnished like an antiquary's shop?"

"We must speak lower," said Franklin, "for the trees here, and the flowers in these parterres, have

ears; and have occasionally overheard words too freely spoken, for which many a poor fellow has been sent to the Bastille. The king, my dear pastor, likes to have a private room where he can escape from the fatigues of greatness, from the court, from receptions, and especially from that charming, heedless arch-duchess, the queen, who bewilders him by her petulance, and by the sumptuous rustlings of the voluminous '*falbalas*,' floating and waving around her as she runs; for, like a sylph, she is ever either mentally or bodily on the wing, touching earth for a moment only, before resuming her flight. So, whenever the queen flies on tip-toe, in a satin dress, to her dairy at the '*Petit Trianon*,' to make butter, the king, with heavy step, and hat pulled over his brows, proceeds to his retreat, and forges and turns at his ease; and at twilight studies the skies, and the positions of the stars; for he is locksmith, turner, toyman, astronomer, geographer, and I know not what besides; perhaps everything but a king. In a republic he would have been free and happy; he would have made and sold locks; he would have

borne the title of citizen; he would have voted for his parish, and this would have appeared to him the supreme limit of power."

"Why then did he receive us, who are neither locksmiths nor blacksmiths, in his private sanctuary of earthly happiness?"

"Because he is obliged to receive us secretly. You saw how he welcomed us; and, as I thought, listened impatiently to what we had to say. Well! nevertheless, were the court to know to-morrow that he had given us audience, there would be a disturbance in the palace. Church and State would unite in protestations against the monarch's weakness; and, to conclude, they would not rest until I had received my passport, and you were provided with lodgings at his majesty's expense."

"What! is the lord of the kingdom not free to open his house-door to whomsoever he pleases?"

"On the throne, no one who is merely good is free."

"I understand, he requires a will to balance the goodness."

"You have hit it. The king, moreover, is always afraid of his own goodness, as if it were treason against the state. We ordinary mortals glory in following the dictates of conscience, humanity's highest inspiration; but the position of a king must be an unnatural one, since none but kings could fear man's highest attribute. Mark the difference! Just now, when you were speaking to the king, I saw how the fulness and expansion of your inner life shone like a crown around your head; and I said within myself: This man, who, by some inexplicable, holy faith, anticipates the life to come, is the *true* king; because the man whose thoughts and feelings are most conversant with the immensities of time and space, is the most king-like of men—the essence of life lies therein. He, on the contrary, who bears the name of king, but is less than man, speaks as if borne down by the burdensome necessity of sinking his own identity in that of some deceased ancestor—Louis XIV., Louis XV., or any other—any one, in fact, but himself; and so much is this the case, that, to feel his own life, he seeks self-deception regarding his

rank; he takes a share in the people's work, adopts the name of a citizen, and for a time fancies himself a citizen. When monarchy has come to such a pass, it prefers life at all hazards to fiction, and is ready to lay down the crown."

"Louis XVI.," resumed the pastor, "represents an age that is closing; and we, perhaps, represent one that is commencing. But to return to my question: it seems to me that your name and rank should entitle you to official receptions, publicly avowed. Public opinion honours you, the nobility offer their swords in your service, France applauds you, and not only France, but the whole of Europe! I know something about it, though I have but just come from my remote province. I have heard your name amongst all thoughtful people."

"I am aware of it; but do not deceive yourself; the king sees me in secret, on pretext of a consideration for England. I am obliged to contrive casual, and apparently chance meetings with his ministers, and, generally, during the night. The king in his heart feels but the most mitigated sympathy for our cause.

He knows that his hands are tied, and, like all weak men, is irritated by the sense of his weakness. Happily for us, his political interests urge him to profit by the unlooked-for opportunity of breaking the Treaty of Paris; and his hatred of England induces him to aid the American Revolution."

"The newspapers state that the king likes you."

"Your newspapers lie, as they always will under a despotic government. The king smiles on me as on any other; for, you see, a smile from royalty is equivalent to a touch of the hat from others; it is the easiest mode of salutation; it dispenses with the raising of the hand to the head, and destroying the statuesque immobility essential to the ideal beauty of a monarch. I can, on the contrary, prove to you on the spot, that Louis XVI. holds me in aversion. I went last week to see the *Comtesse Diane.* Perhaps you do not know her? She is the queen's intimate friend: a great deal too intimate, in my opinion, for she abuses the privileges of companionship with royalty, by now and then taking the reins of the state into her fair hands.

"'Do you know,' said the *Comtesse Diane*, on seeing me, 'that I have just received your portrait?'

"'My portrait is to be seen in the streets, at every shop window. I am not proud of it,' I said, exhibiting no surprise.

"'Is that the way you receive my news?' she added, in a tone of mocking reproach.

"'I am rather *blasé* on that subject, especially as the epigram is peculiarly inapplicable. D'Alembert, with all his genius, committed a folly when he asserted that I had snatched the thunder from heaven, and the sceptre from tyranny. What, I should like to know, is there in common between heaven and a tyrant?'

"'You will appear less *blasé* when you know who sent me your illustrious portrait. Let me see if you can guess.'

"'It was Turgot.'

"'No.'

"'Malesherbes, then.'

"'A much greater man than he.'

"'I doubt that.'

"'It is the king, my dear doctor; but your portrait is singularly framed. I *must* put your philosophical gravity to the proof, by showing it to you.'

"She disappeared into an adjoining room, and returned the next moment with peals of laughter, hiding her face with one hand, and carrying a basin in the other. I laugh even now, at the recollection of her effrontery. Deep down in the basin lay my image, a punishment for my popularity; and the comtesse mercilessly showed it to all comers."

"Since *you* are no farther advanced in the king's favour, *I* am not likely to receive any compensation for the expenses of my journey."

"On the contrary, my friend (permit me to call you friend, and make up for lost time; for, judging by our present feelings, we ought to have known each other from eternity), the king has received you, and will in a measure follow up this kindness by granting you *something;* though so little, perhaps, as to be unworthy of mention. But what can he do? He is dragged forward by the times, and backward by the court, and

steps alternately in two opposite directions. Expect nothing from his spontaneous action; he does not *give*, he *yields*—such is his nature. He will surrender to you, therefore, a certain amount of liberty, scarcely appreciable, for he dreads the recrimination of the clergy. He will, for instance, grant you your authentic birth-rights and death-rights, and your rights of reposing after death on ground of your own choosing, on the pretext of care for the public health. Rumour has already hinted at something of the kind, and I have good authority for what I say."

The breakfast hour had now arrived, and their conversation was interrupted. They proceeded to Malesherbes' apartment. Either by chance or by design, the pastor found himself seated by the side of a beautiful young woman, a stranger to him, who shone in the double splendour of aristocracy and beauty, profusely adorned with jewels and laces; her white arms, bare to the elbow, in the classic style of the Homeric times. Pearls studded her powdered hair, and feathers fell back in gentle waves on each side of her head, throwing forth at every movement a faint perfume of

violets and iris. The excitement of this proximity entirely took from the pastor whatever appetite he might have retained after the morning's emotions. He gathered himself into the smallest possible compass on his chair, for fear his elbow should touch even a ribbon of this majestic Olympian goddess. His fair neighbour, to put him at his ease, held her glass towards him with a request for water, accompanying her request with the expressive smile peculiar to the eighteenth century, which has vanished since the French revolution. This smile, in its effects on the pastor, was like the end of the world, and the confusion of the apocalypse. He took the *carafe* with a trembling hand, and poured half its contents over the table-cloth.

"I see, Monsieur Jarousseau," she kindly said, "that you would find it easier to die even than to serve me."

"Yes," the pastor bluntly answered, evading the dread necessity of replying, by uttering the first monosyllable that came uppermost.

Eternal mystery of humanity! He had never

trembled at the prospect of martyrdom, but now trembled, for the first time in his life, at thought of the woman seated by his side in the overpowering magnificence of wealth.

After breakfast he took up his hat, intending to take leave of Malesherbes, and return at once to Paris.

As he advanced towards the minister, the merciless stranger placed herself in front of him, crossed her arms over her chest, and said,—

"Have you read the confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau?"

"Yes," replied the pastor, although his puritan soul had never been able to get beyond the second volume.

"Then you must have there seen that a certain Armide, a Genoese, aided by her friend, once stopped the young philosopher in the open country, and authoritatively led him away to gather cherries in her orchard. I intend to profit by the example, and make you my prisoner, on parole. So I engage you to supper this evening, with Dr Franklin and me.

Do not be alarmed; it will be a family party, for I am one of you; I am a republican, and if you at all doubt it, I will cry aloud, 'Vive la République!' I should like to try the effect of such a cry for the first time within the walls of this château."

"But, madame"——

"I know what you would say; so to spare you the trouble, will say it for you: But you wish to have the honour of my acquaintance. Is it not so? That was your thought. Well! though no wind has carried my name as far as your solitudes over there—what is the name of your village?—the wind has at least spoken to *me* about *you*, and that suffices."

She drew from her waist an unsealed note, and handed it to the pastor.

This note, signed Tancrède, contained a detailed account of the hospitality received by the Marquis de Mauroy at Saint-Georges-de-Didonne, before his departure for America.

"You see," she resumed, "we are old acquaintances. The Marquis Tancrède de Mauroy is my betrothed; and, as it is acknowledged that a woman

should pay her husband's debts, I pay the marquis's in anticipation."

"Are you then the young Roman lady who, he said, had fastened a knot of ribbon to his sword?"

"Is it possible that he still retained it, a hundred leagues from hence? I did not think he would have proved so faithful. This looks promising. Now that we have made our recognisances, and verified our claims, I will carry you away; otherwise, I am likely to become headstrong, and have recourse to compulsion. Is it not true, my dear guardian," she said, taking Malesherbes' arm, "that you will give me a *lettre de cachet* against the pastor if he refuses my invitation?"

"My ward," said Malesherbes, "has a right to appeal to my ministerial authority. She has a claim upon you, *Monsieur le Pasteur;* for, as soon as she heard that the Marquis de Mauroy's host had come to Paris, for reclamation of liberty of conscience, she set forth to plead your cause in all quarters; and I assure you that, if she has gained *you* as many partisans as *she* has adorers, your suit is carried."

"As it has been ordained that a poor pastor like myself should rise so high, and sit at the tables of the great, God's will be done!"

He raised his eyes resignedly to the brilliant woman of the aristocracy, and added,—

"God is good, mademoiselle!" as if, in this supreme invocation, he hoped to find a safeguard under the new trial impending.

"You shall tell us about that this evening," said the young marchioness.

She curtseyed to him, and left the room.

The *Marquise de Pisani*—Malesherbes' ward—was a young girl of about twenty years of age, an orphan from infancy, and inheritress of a large fortune. Her father, in dying, had charged Malesherbes with the care of her education. The illustrious godfather had brought up his ward in the complete independence of thought prevalent in those times, and called philosophy. Now and then he used to take her to Jean Jacques Rousseau's hermitage. The misanthropic tribune of the eighteenth century, charmed with the vivacious spirit of the lovely child, would kiss her

forehead, laughingly calling her his little "Wildfire;' from which time her sole aim, it seemed, was to merit this title of honour, as she considered it. She lived in Paris with an aunt, an exceedingly devout canoness, who had at first endeavoured to check her niece's excitable temperament; but, wearying of the task, had ended by leaving her at liberty to do as she chose. Mademoiselle Pisani made full use of her liberty. With a fund of innate goodness, which had been further developed by Malesherbes, she had, nevertheless, a superabundant imagination and spirit of enterprise, which carried her, by sudden leaps, to the extremes of feeling. She admirably personified the rash frivolous spirit of the aristocracy, which jested with serious things, upheld liberty as much from fashion as conviction, and, the first to be deceived by its own illusions, invoked the distant revolution, without well knowing what horrors it called forth; then, at first sight of the spectre, gave way; and, like the woodman in the fable, humbly said to it: "Help me to re-adjust my burden."

CHAPTER XVII.

FRANKLIN and the pastor returned on foot to the Faubourg St Germain, in order to enjoy a longer and more confidential talk under the elm-trees on the roadside. In the evening they went together to the Hôtel Pisani.

The two travellers, all dusty as they were from their walk, were presented by the marquise to the canoness.

"Here are two rebels," she said, "whom I have brought to sup with you. Dr Franklin and Pastor Jarousseau."

The canoness, on hearing these two names, was suddenly taken ill with an attack of *migraine;* and disappeared for the rest of the evening.

The Marquise de Pisani received her guests with

the well-bred and exquisite grace which teaches that simplicity is, to simple people, the highest politeness.

She dispensed with the attendance of the servants from the very commencement of the meal, saying,—

"This is a philosopher's feast; Pythagoras shall do the honours."

The supper was indeed, and without affected austerity, a truly Pythagorean repast. But at its close the marquise took a rich Bohemian glass flagon from the table, and poured into it for her guests a wine, rose-hued like the first rays of morning.

"Gentlemen, drink to the success of liberty of conscience."

Then, looking the pastor intently in the face, she added,—

"Do you know, Monsieur Jarousseau, that after hearing an account of your life, I was, for a moment, tempted to embrace your faith, and ask your permission to follow you into the desert. The idea of persecution is very attractive. I should rather like belonging to a religion for which some danger is to

be encountered; and to go forth worshipping God on horseback, in hunting attire, with a pistol in the holster of my saddle to shoot the first dragoon who interrupted my prayers; but, after due consideration, I decided on holding the same faith as the *vicaire Savoyard*—the worship of God on the mountains. It is an infinitely more simple and convenient religion. In a flat country, certainly, it could not be so easily managed, for it is impossible to raise up a mountain in one's own garden at will."

"Mademoiselle," replied the pastor, in a tone of melancholy seriousness, "allow me to say that at your age it is not right to take God's Name in vain, losing thus all respect for it; for in the day of trouble that Name is the refuge of the human soul; and if ever your life, which now lies before you full of promise, should turn to disappointment, that Name alone will bring you a consolation you will not find elsewhere."

As it was late, the pastor, after this speech, took leave of his hostess.

"You must not depart thus," quickly exclaimed the marquise, "or I shall think that, after having

scolded me, you are sulking. I do not ask for your blessing, because I am too profane to receive it worthily; but I ask for a kiss, in proof that my irreverence is, at least, forgiven."

The pastor, thus suddenly taken aback, stood motionless, and to say the truth, was rather alarmed at the monstrous proposal.

"I see very well that I must take the first step, and set the example."

Bending her beautiful head over the pastor's cheek, she said,—

"This is for the first year of the Republic;" then leaning towards the other cheek: "this is for the second year. Go now, sir; you will be able to say, on your return home to your province, that aristocracy and liberty have embraced each other."

The pastor, abashed by the suddenness of the kisses remained silent.

"Do not be ashamed, monsieur; it was given to me by Jean Jacques, and I have now restored it to you, because, what proceeds from the mind should return to the mind."

The pastor bowed, and respectfully kissed the lovely euthusiast's hand.

"May God preserve the sacred flame that now burns in your soul, for the cause of humanity; you will then take rank amongst the noble women of the primitive Church; but recollect, that to love man is also to love Him who was on this earth the supreme ideal of love."

He retired, accompanied by Franklin, who, in taking leave of the marquise, said,—the expression of mingled good nature and refinement, characteristic of the Boston diplomatist, meanwhile floating, as it were, over his countenance,—

"I might, perhaps not unreasonably, feel jealous for my country, in that you just now forgot America. The first year of the Republic would, I think, have been better bestowed on me. But never mind; since we are in the mood for restitution, allow me to restore you the benediction given by Voltaire, when near his end, to my grandson,"—Franklin extended his hands towards the marquise,—"God and Liberty! the last words and holy testament of the dying age."

"My dear sir," said Franklin to the pastor, as they

left the *Hôtel Pisani* together, "you are, doubtless, destined to see, at some time or other, the political regeneration of your country; but hearken to me, and put no faith in a revolution provoked by the aristocracy, for it is but a hollow demonstration, and has no ballast to steady it on the waves of changing events. Whenever the clergy, amongst a people, are inimical to liberty, and the liberal party, in a spirit of reprisal, thinks itself entitled to cast aside all thought of religion, the hour of reckoning for that people may have struck on the dial-plate of history; but the democracy, though at first victorious, will always eventually lose. Liberty and religion are the soul's most sacred forces, and man has not an over-abundance of these combined forces, for success in the most difficult work, perhaps, in this world, the work of a revolution. A liberal atheist is a disguised partisan of despotism."

After so rapid a succession of overpowering emotions, the pastor, on finding himself again in the *Hôtel de la Providence*, experienced the ineffable relief of one who, after having been beaten about on the

waters, at last reaches the shore, and feels that he is himself again.

He sunk wearily down on his pallet, and endeavoured to recall to mind and explain the various strange episodes of the day ; but all its scenes floated confusedly before him. His hand was pressed repeatedly to his forehead, but he was only conscious of a sort of delirium, in which he saw objects revolving around him, while he alone remained stationary. To chase away the vision he prayed, and the vision gradually faded and disappeared.

The pastor slept.

The next day he went out early to recruit his spirits with the health-giving morning air, but had no sooner set foot in the street, than he had a second hallucination, which threatened, though in a very different way, to deprive him of what little consciousness he fancied he still retained. Standing before the hotel door was the familiar form of Misère, saddled and bridled as on the day he lost her. He thought at first that a mirage was tempting him with a cruel mockery.

It was nevertheless his mare, beyond a doubt. She, too, recognised the pastor, and, in default of speech to express her happiness, expanded and contracted her nostrils, and snorted loudly. A police-officer held Misère's bridle, and behind him stood a patrol of the watch, keeping guard over a young man wearing ruffles, and a sword at his side. The pastor, at a single glance, recognised the treacherous cavalier who had abused his confidence.

"*Monsieur*," said the officer, "please to verify your account, and give me the receipt."

The pastor opened his valise, and duly recovered his shirt, his socks, his goat's milk cheese, his bag of prunes, his bundle of herbs for fever, and the other bundle of herbs for *migraine*, all things that he had highly prized; the memoir alone was missing, but in its stead some unknown hand had slipped in a gold snuff-box, bearing on its lid a portrait of the king, and around the portrait was written: "Given by Malesherbes to the Pastor Jarousseau." He put the snuff-box into his pocket, and closed the valise.

"And the money?" inquired the police-officer.

"What money?"

"The money in the saddle-bag."

The poor man had forgotten the saddle-bag; he hauled it up from under the baggage, and judging by its bulk, concluded at first that it must be three quarters empty; but on opening it, found in its depths a hundred louis of spotless brilliancy, fresh from the mint.

"This money does not belong to me," he said, holding the bag towards the officer.

"*Pardon, monsieur!* the king gives it you, in defrayment of the expenses of your journey, and that you may distribute alms in his name amongst the poor of your parish. And now, here is the culprit. As he belongs to a good family, the royal clemency allows of his being sent to the colonies; but his father does not wish to infringe on your rights of private justice, therefore sends him here to receive whatever punishment you choose to inflict."

The pastor plunged his hand into the bag, drew out a handful of louis, and gave them to the prisoner.

"What are you doing?" said the officer, shocked

at this immoral proceeding, which seemed like an encouragement to new crimes.

"*Ah! Parbleu!* my friend, would you have the young man tempted to steal again?"

"In truth," said the prisoner, "you owe me this amends."

"How so, my friend?"

"For having gone to prison in your stead."

"To prison in my stead?"

"When you lent me your horse."

"*I* lent you my horse!"

"You are too generous to belie me. I thought I had to do with a well-conducted horse, and not one suspected of heresy, belonging to a still more suspicious master. In this belief I dismounted at an hotel, when a stir arose around me, and the next moment the police-officer you see there, took me by the collar, and said: 'Monsieur Jarousseau, I arrest you!' In vain did I protest I never bore the name of Jarousseau; he said not another word, but opened your valise, took out your memoir, read it rapidly, looked at the signature, and then said: 'All right!

follow me;' and he led me to the Bastille. It seems, monsieur, that you were recommended to the police."

The pastor looked at the officer.

"Does the young man speak the truth?"

"Yes, sir; the *Intendant* of your province had denounced you as a dangerous preacher, and the *lieutenant de police* had given in your name at all the hotels in Paris, with orders to arrest you on your arrival; but they must afterwards have discovered that it was a mistake, for I was ordered, on the contrary, to treat you with respect, and supply your wants."

"God is doubly good!" said the pastor, joining his hands. "If this young man had not borrowed my mare (somewhat forcibly borrowed, certainly), I should have been at this present time confined in some dungeon, there to remain for the rest of my life."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PASTOR JAROUSSEAU had seen Louis XVI., Gamin, Malesherbes, Franklin, royalty, the people, the aristocracy, and the revolution; he had recovered his mare, his valise, and his viaticum doubled in value, and yet more enriched by a snuff-box. He might in all conscience consider his work accomplished, and return to Saint-Georges-de-Didonne. But, in order to leave Paris intact as he had arrived, he wished to regain possession of the watch he had sold in his time of distress. Fortunately, it had not proved attractive to any passing customer, and had remained in the watchmaker's shop in a state of disgrace. He repurchased it without difficulty.

This done, he went to take leave of Malesherbes.

"Monsieur Jarousseau," said the minister, "I have

received the king's reply to your petition. It is evasive, as I had anticipated. His majesty puts aside the question of principle. He merely accords to *you, personally*, permission to preach; but it must be in secret, in secluded spots, and closed houses; a tacit permission in fact, conditional, precarious, and liable to be withdrawn on the least suspicion of anything that can be called heresy by those who are only too willing to do it. It is very little, still it is something; the first step in the right direction,—it is the anticipation of liberty of conscience. If the king now gives *you* permission to preach, the logical consequence will be that he will be forced, sooner or later, to accord the same permission to other pastors. Your journey here will have had a happy result; it will have created a precedent. Now, a precedent is *everything* with a king, whose will acts only little by little at different times; and who would more readily do a just act if he thought he had previously willed it. You may therefore depart in peace. I will urge on your work here, and, aided by time (the providential accomplice of all truth), I hope to gain your cause;

for I shall glory in procuring some of these days the king's signature to an edict of toleration."

"Your name will then be remembered amongst those of the saints on earth."

"My ambition does not soar so high, Monsieur Jarousseau. The word saint does not harmonise with such a peruke as you see before you. Let me remain simply what I am—a philosopher. That title is, in my opinion, high enough for any one. My ancestor, Basville, did your cause so much injury in former times, that I am in justice bound to make what amends I can as speedily as possible; for the law of history is retaliation—the visiting the sins of the fathers on the children; and it might well require the shedding of my blood, as an equivalent for the blood shed by order of Basville."

While Malesherbes was speaking, the clock in his room struck the hour of noon. Pastor Jarousseau had been accustomed for upwards of twenty years to wind up his watch at this hour, and the physical regularity of the act had become part of his nervous system. Since the sale of the watch, his hand had

always at mid-day involuntarily gone to his watch-pocket; and, finding it empty, he had sighed. Now, however, he had hold of the shabby fugitive; with his finger he slid the two hands on to the hour of noon, and then looked thoughtfully on the dial-plate.

"This is the hour I have always dedicated to thought. Now it is marked. This dial-plate shall no longer show the course of time; for the hour that has just struck is God's hour. And hear me, for one idea gives rise to another; perhaps what I am going to say may be indecorous, *Monsieur le Ministre*, but you will pardon it in consideration of my good intentions. The heart requires reciprocity. When it has received, it wishes to give. You have given me a snuff-box; permit me to offer you this watch in remembrance of this interview—our last, perhaps, here below. It is, indeed, unworthy of you, or even of your lackey. But since I have lived the true life, it has been associated with every feeling of my soul; its invisible pendulum has beaten in sympathy with my watchings, my meditations, prayers, and groans; it

has spoken to me of life, of death, of the past and the future. When hopeful, my thoughts have been confided to it; and, looking at the marks around the dial-plate, I have said: 'When will the hands point to that blessed moment when, with a loud shout, the truth now slighted will be proclaimed all over the world, bidding those who are bound down by affliction to arise and be free?' You are a philosopher, Monsieur Malesherbes, therefore you understand me. This watch is more than a thing of copper or silver. It is a man's thought; and therefore a living thing. As such, I venture to offer it to you."

"As such I accept it," said Malesherbes, giving his hand. "I will suspend it over my mantle-piece as the relic of a good man, to bring happiness to my household. Since you so wish it, the hands shall always remain at the hour where you have placed them, that whenever I look at them I may be reminded that this was the hour in which I first gave a hope of liberty, and that I may be urged to fulfil my promise. But I will not detain you longer. *Adieu, Monsieur le*

Pasteur; write to me, and rely on my lasting affection."

They clasped hands once more, and separated, to return each to his work, or rather to their mutual work; for, though the one was in an exalted station, and the other in a lowly one, they were fellow-workers and equals in the sight of Him who judges men by the feelings of their hearts, and not by the greatness of their deeds.

The pastor took into his own hands the order of his return journey. Misère tried hard, as before, to make a halt at every inn; but our apostle, at the slightest indication of her desire to stop, admonished her with a touch of his heel, and at last the honest creature, spite of her inveterate passion for loitering, understood that time was precious, and that her master, the bearer no doubt of important news, was anxious to reach home. Thanks to the accelerated pace, the pastor took only a month instead of six weeks to accomplish the distance between Paris and Saint-Georges-de-Didonne. It was considered a remarkably rapid journey. Misère was highly lauded

for her intrepid accomplishment of this forced march.

On arriving at Saint-Georges, the pastor found the people lining the roads. Forewarned, doubtless, by some voice in the air, or some watcher on the sand-hill, they had hastened to meet him dressed in their Sunday's best, and bearing branches of trees in their hands.

"My friends," he said, "throw away those branches; they recall thoughts inapplicable to any human being. Kneel, and let us sing a hymn of deliverance; for though I bring you nothing definitive, I have at least a promise of liberty of conscience."

He dismounted, knelt in the dust of the harvest-laden ground, under the glorious sunshine, amongst the prostrate crowd, and sang, as in the presence of God, the hundred-and-third Psalm :—

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Bless the Lord, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases: who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who

crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies."

Thus ended Pastor Jarousseau's mission. It was in the year 1776 that he went to Versailles to claim the rights of citizenship for Protestantism, which rights were not granted by Louis XVI. until 1787, ten years after the pastor's journey, and two years after the presentation of Malesherbes' last memorial; for, in justice to the illustrious philosopher, it must be said, that he never ceased soliciting the act of tolerance, both when in power and when out of power. The pastor's psalm of deliverance, we therefore see, was rather premature. Louis XVI. took this length of time for reflection before according to the Protestants, not the exercise of their faith, but merely their civil state, that is, the permission of dying and being born in due form.

It must also be mentioned that the Act of Toleration, spite of its timidity and feebleness, both in name and deed, excited violent anger and resistance in Parliament and amongst the clergy. Parliament refused to register the "Act." A man named Esprémenil,

a species of epileptic, who was afterwards tribune, and still later a counter-revolutionist—a man of our times in his way of exciting a revolution and then cursing it—said, pointing with his clenched hand towards the Christ suspended above the president's head, "Do you then wish to crucify Him afresh?" These were the words of an inquisitor in the garb of a counsellor.

The clergy protested loudly against the "Act of Toleration," and forwarded their protests to Versailles by the hands of two notoriously unbelieving prelates —Loménic de Brienne and Talleyrand. The Bishop of Dôle alone refused to sign this fanatical act, this last misconception of the Gospel during the eighteenth century. He even reproached Loménic de Brienne for his speech to the king on the occasion, and his brutal appeal for persecution, to which Loménic replied,—

"My Lord, I have consulted my crucifix."

"In that case, it was your duty to state its answer correctly."

Two years afterwards the Revolution had restored

liberty of conscience to all; but after the provocations and attacks the persecuted had endured, both on the frontiers and the interior, by the coalition of the nobility and the clergy, they in their turn became the persecutors. Saint-Georges lost its saint's name, and took that of Cana. The population of Cana was one day celebrating the abolition of feudalism by making an immense bon-fire of all the titles of nobility and records of fines, when a man, evidently a lunatic, was seen to take up a blazing brand, and run towards the vicarage, with a sinister laugh, crying aloud, "Come; we will smoke the badger out of his hole."

It was Isaac Volet, deranged since the shipwreck; and in his fancy the badger was the Abbé Leborgne, who, during the last twenty years, had continued his persecution and massacre of the Protestants. The poor fool's memory served him to repeat mechanically the proposal of a dragroon, as we have seen, on the occasion of the birth of Bénigne Jarousseau. The crowd, excited by the whirling light and the recollec-

tion of former persecutions, followed the fiery track, singing the *Marseillaise.*

The curé, however, privately warned, had time to escape to the pastor's house, his only refuge from the indignant people. The pastor led his former persecutor into the hiding-place where he had himself so often taken shelter from persecution; thus, by a singular retribution in history, the same cell made in the thickness of the wall successively protected Protestantism from Catholic intolerance, and Catholicism from revolutionary vengeance. Moreover, this hiding-place is no imaginary thing; its remains may be seen in Pastor Jarousseau's house, which is still standing, and in which lives an old man, the pastor's son-in-law, who could show the stones connected with this pathetic history.

After the Revolution came the Reign of Terror, the wrath of the conquerors. The revolutionary tribunal, when at its worst, placed the name of Malesherbes on its list of bloodshed.

The clock of the Tuileries was striking the hour of

noon when the philosopher reached the foot of the scaffold. He drew forth the watch given him by the pastor; its hands had ever since pointed to the hour of deliverance. He quietly wound it up, placed it to his ear, and throwing it amongst the tumultuous crowd assembled around, inwardly murmured,—

"I die, but liberty will ever progress."

Then, putting his foot on the first plank of the guillotine, he added,—

"It was then decreed that I should atone for the blood spilt by my ancestor Basville."

The next moment his soul was travelling heavenwards, and understood the mysterious justice which visits the sins of the fathers upon the heads of the innocent sons, even after the lapse of a century.

Thus did Malesherbes, like Madame Roland, who resembled him in heroism of character, bear testimony to liberty even under the knife of the guillotine.

Loménic de Brienne was not so honoured. He

feared the punishment he had sought to inflict on Protestants. He died obscurely by poison. As for Talleyrand, he abjured his faith to side with the revolution, then abjured the revolution for the empire; after that, he abjured the empire for legitimacy; and, in dying, abjured his last abjuration.

Pastor Jarousseau lived to a great age, amongst his children and grandchildren, until the restoration—an assertion I am entitled to make, as I am one of his grandchildren, and consider it my title of nobility. Others have their ancestors whom they name with pride; we also are equally proud of our ancestors. Theirs have bequeathed them parchments; ours have bequeathed us virtues. We would not exchange our heritage or our heraldry.

I recollect, in my childhood, seeing this ever venerated patriarch of our family seated at sunset under his fig-tree near the sand-hill, taking us little ones on his knees, pointing to the glories of God in the evening sky, and laying his hands on our heads with a blessing.

Surrounded as we are by the lukewarmness and indifference of the present generation, we often wonder at the holy exaltation of feeling of our mothers. Their exceptional souls had been nourished by that divine soul formed for martyrdom; they had taken example from that man of the primitive Church; and when he went to receive his reward, they, as it were, continued his life.

Pastor Jarousseau now sleeps the sleep of the just in his meadow of Chenaumoine. No tombstone marks his grave; but, from time to time, his granddaughters kneel there and pray silently. The holy man, when dying, expressed his wish that thus it should be.

We, too, also his children, although sons of the present times, who have not followed in his track, when we would raise our thoughts and renew our faith, we go to the tomb of our ancestor to seek strength and consolation; and, after this mystic communion with sacred memories, come forth with fresh courage for our work, and renewed faith in the future.

After what our fathers have suffered, it would ill become us to count the stones in our path for the purpose of gaining the sympathy of history for our imagined grievances. What *we* call a defeat, would to them have been a victory. Had we but for one single hour their greatness of soul, the world would be saved.

THE END.

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